

The Sketch

No. 1219 — Vol. XCIV.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



WITH LEGS IN PLACE OF HANDS AND THE STOCKING OUTSIDE THE CLOCK! SHAPELY POINTERS
TO "HALF-PAST EIGHT," SET BY MISS MILLIE SIM.

Miss Millie Sim is one of the chief attractions in the Comedy Theatre's revue, "Half-Past Eight," and makes good in various scenes. Our portrait of her here is, of course, arranged in imitation of the Comedy's now familiar poster; but we have set the clock-face in a grandfather's clock.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd. Grandfather's clock by "The Sketch."

MATRIMONIAL MAGNIFICENCE AT THE VALARIAN



PRINCESS MARY: MISS WINIFRED BARNES.



THE MORNING OF THE DAY BEFORE "THE HAPPY DAY": THE PRINCESS AWAKENED IN HER LITTLE COT.



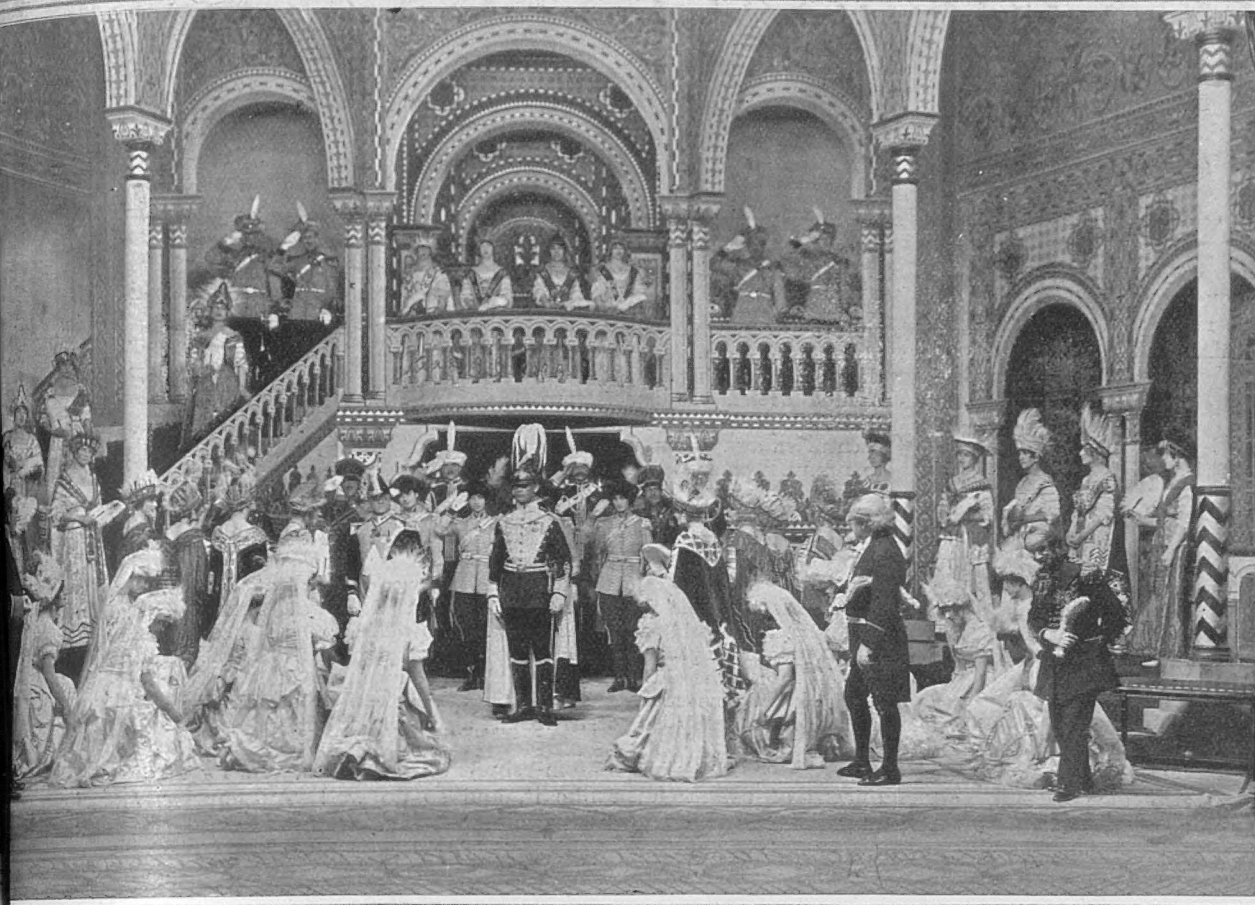
A "BACK" NUMBER, BUT THE "REVERSE" OF OLD-FASHIONED: GORGEOUSLY BEMANTLED COURT LADIES OF VALARIA.



THE CAPTAIN: MR. G. HUNTLEY.

The new musical comedy at Daly's, "The Happy Day" (by Seymour Hicks, with music by Sidney Jones and Paul A. Rubens), is remarkable for the regal magnificence of its scenes and dresses, even in that home of gorgeous traditions. The first scene is laid in a royal bed-chamber, that of Mary, Princess of Valaria, on the morning of the day before that fixed for her marriage with a Prince she has never seen — Charles of Galania. Next comes a stately palace scene, in Wedgwood blue and white, with a staircase carpeted in black. Hither arrives the Prince's Irish A.D.C., Sir Dennis O'Hagan, sent to represent his master, who wishes to spend his last day of liberty "on the spree." Sir Dennis is mistaken for the Prince, and is received accordingly. Meanwhile the real Prince, in mufti, meets the Princess, whom he takes for a lady-in-waiting. That evening, knowing who he is, she follows him to a

COURT: "THE HAPPY DAY," AT DALY'S THEATRE.



QUEEN OF "BOHEMIA":
MISS JOSÉ COLLINS.

THE PRINCE'S IRISH A.D.C. MISTAKEN FOR HIM: SIR D. O'HAGAN (MR. FRANK WILSON) ARRIVES AT THE COURT OF VALARIA.



"ABSINTHE" MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER: CAMILLE JOYEUSE (MISS JOSÉ COLLINS) SINGING "BOHEMIA."



WALTER, OF LONDON:
MR. LAURI DE FRECE.

of revelry, where the fair Camille Joyeuse, "Queen of Bohemia," is the reigning beauty, in order to see how he behaves the night before his wedding. Attempts him by flirting with him herself, but he resists both her and Camille, and all ends in regal bliss. Meanwhile, the humour of the piece is aided by a sub-plot, in which Mr. G. P. Huntley and Mr. Lauri De Frece appear as two seedy adventurers, who stroll into the palace under the impression it is an hotel. They are mistaken by certain Court officials with guilty consciences for an Inspector-General and his secretary, disguised in order to bring delinquents to book. Miss Winifred Barnes sings charmingly about love in a cottage and other matters, and Miss José Collins makes a hit with two scenes—"Bohemia" and "The Seasons."—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

PHYNETTE'S LETTERS. TO LONELY SOLDIERS.

DIRGE ON A DEFUNCT DOLL—VERY MUCH ALIVE.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

THE other afternoon, as I was tea-ing with Gladys Peto, she showed me a biscuit that one of yours had sent her as a symbol and a tender attention. I mean tender in the abstract sense, naturally. The amiable you thought, "To you who take the biscuit, here is one!" He was right as far as taking it went; but partaking of it was another thing! We had both good

will and good teeth—for there was to be a bit for me too, it seems—but never a bite could we have! We tried it with hammers. How do you mighty men manage it? Do you break your biscuits with a pickaxe, or do you turn the guns on them?

I have to thank many correspondents this week. You, Captain F. D., for your two nice letters and the poem. I liked them very much indeed. I mean to call on your famous musician friend. I told his little wife I would come for tea one of these days arm-in-arm with Komai. No, I haven't heard from Miss B. It is very

"Flowers for the boudoir of Dolly Gay, a pretty little lady armed *cap-à-pie*."

sweet of you to hunt up mutual friends, but don't push me down their throats! They might not like me as much as—you think!

My thanks also to Lieutenant B. W. H. for his letter and the photograph of this elegant young woman lounging in an arm-chair. Are you She really? I'd so like to be present at your theatricals! I am very glad you agreed with what I said in my letter of the 17th.

To Captain F. H. D. V.—Why apologise? Your letter gave me great pleasure, and I'll send the "crumb"—be it on your own head if the "crumb" turns out to be a "tartine," as we say in French. I take note of your preferences as regards the Easter-egg beauties illustrating a back number; but our tastes differ—I like the one on the carpet best of all. I'll tell the girls.

I am holding over some answers—till next week.

A man—not one of yours—a man here in town has been drawing my attention to an article in the *Pall Mall* in which a Paris actress of the gayer stage (I think I know who she is) stated her reason for leaving it—

I prefer to abdicate rather than to be overthrown. The day of such as I am is past. After the war the public will have none of us. Dramatic authors are like everyone else, and must play to the fancy of the day. That fancy will, for a very long time to come, have no patience with the very common and garden kind of boulevard play. I am not simple enough to think that the war is going to make us models of virtue from one day to the other, but I do say it is going to change our mode of life from A to Z.

The France of to-morrow will have to settle down to hard work; frivolities and all that comes from it will have to take a back place—in fact, for years to come it will be a thing unknown. [As if frivolities wasn't hard work sometimes—what!]

What we used to condone with a tolerant smile in the past will be ruled out altogether in the early future. [I think not.] The Dame aux

Camélias will be eclipsed by the simple, stay-at-home housewife.

Women have had too easy a time for at least the past two decades. Men were at their feet, and they could do what they pleased with them. Women ruled the world, and the daughters of Aphrodite reigned supreme. Now that three parts of our men have been taken away from us, never to return, woman will have to change her tactics. Man will be a prize worth winning, and there will not be enough prizes to go round. By one of those curious turns of the wheel of life, the domesticated, loving, cherishing, clinging-to-the-husband kind of woman is going to come into her own again.

Women who have nursed the wounded, worked hard at war charities, sewing, knitting, and what-not, will have learned that all is not dress and glitter in this world, and that woman was made to be something more than a gilded plaything. Unlike the late girl of the period, they will no longer despise the old-fashioned, humdrum joys of the home, of motherhood, and of domesticity. This is the atmosphere we are drifting into—indeed, the country cannot be rebuilt again without it.

Well, countries are seldom rebuilt on principles. As for making queens of us, the men like it, and so do we! And queens are mothers too, you know.

I think the writer of this article will soon alter her views and return to the stage—they all do sooner or later—and that she will discover that after the war light plays, frivolous plays, amusing plays will be more in demand than ever: we have had enough of tragedy!

Remember, rather, '70. You were not born, of course, neither was I; but my father showed me a piece of bread bought by him as a curio, and kept in a small glass case. It was made with the granary's sweepings, and was not unlike in colour and general appearance to a particularly tough and dry square of chewing tobacco. Appetising, wasn't it? One would have thought that the remembrance of this thing would render ordinary wholesome white bread almost holy afterwards. Well, once the peace was signed, the whitest of bread with the goldenest crust, the Frenchest *gateaux* and the *brioche*—our unrivalled and historic *brioche*—came to their own again and were all the more relished.

Paris in sackcloth and ashes because of the sins of the Boches—never! Sackcloth—why, it would mean national disaster! The

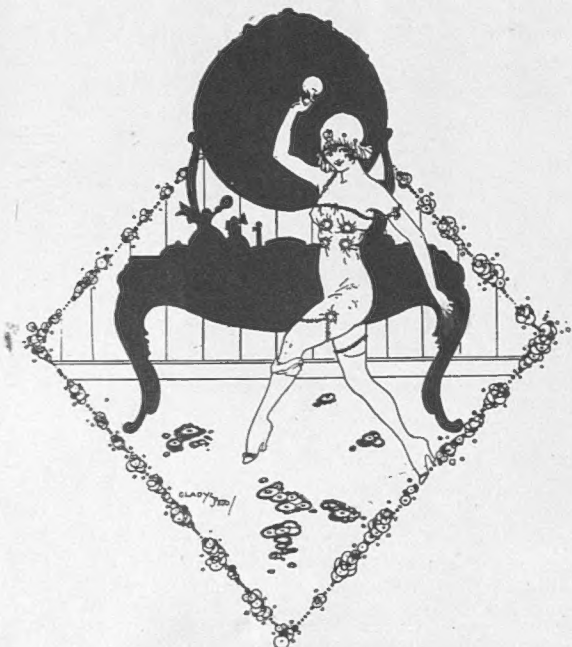
Kaiser cannot stop our *couturiers* from creating, our women from wishing to please, our sense of humour from emerging where tears threatened to submerge. Paris under ashes—never! Not even if the Huns were to burn it to the ground! Paris, phoenix among cities, has an elasticity of spirit, a gift of youth and of gaiety, that make her immortal; and though the women of Paris will weep long, they will dust the trace of their tears with powder; and though the women of Paris will mourn many a year, they will see to it that their black cloth is cut becomingly. And if they cared not, their men would see to it that they did. Why it is for France as she is, and its women as they are, that the Frenchman is fighting—not for a puritan town and its embourgeoisied wives! We will have fewer men—all the more reason to vie in pleasing them.

And the apple will always be to the Fairest—and we all love apples, even when it be a forbidden fruit! The domesticated woman—I admire

her vastly, and I think her merit great; but who else does? I am afraid she who does her own marketing, and trims her prim under-undie with crochet lace made by her reddened and roughened fingers, is not the one to whom Man prays to and burns incense in front of. And incense is, like apples, a thing we dearly love!



"And the apple will always be to the Fairest."



"Do you break your biscuits with a pickaxe? . . . We tried it with hammers."

The simple, stay-at-home woman generally stays at home—by herself!—while the fruit of her housekeeping economies is too often changed into flowers for the boudoir of Dolly Gay, a pretty little lady armed *cap-à-pie* for life's fray. I do not mean by that in an armour of steel—oh, no; silk will do! And the Doll will always be with you—petted, fondled, and beloved; dressed with pride, cherished with unbounded affection, and all this not only by little girls, but by big and big-hearted Men!

What man ever took unto himself a wife for her domestic qualities, or even her mental ones—for her loyalty to her women friends, the tenderness of her heart, the justness of her views, her disinterested spirit? Those are qualities that are in everybody's Mother as a matter of course, that everybody hopes will develop in his wife, but that nobody seeks in his sweetheart, somehow. What is it you whisper in her ear, with your arm around—around her umbrella? Is it, "When we are married, will you see that my breakfast is always punctual, darling? And that my socks have no holes at the heel? How few hats can you do with a year? Will you be willing to rub my knee if ever I have gout?" Or, "Oh, what darling, dinky, pinky little nails!" (Finger nails, of course!) "I never saw such nails! Have other women any nails at all? Oh, what a topping hat—a new one, isn't it? I love to see you often in different hats" (wait and see, O my sister!)—"a fresh angle reveals you to me under a different aspect. To-day you are—" But you know the rest. Besides, he begins it all over again. Is darning stockings an endearing quality? Does her stirring of the stew-pot thrill your soul? When it is, and when it does, all women will become domesticated—not before! What chance have qualities against kiss-curls? We have often heard of the Hon. Montgomery Lovalot marrying in the Suburbs of the aristocratic Centre, to speak with tact (I don't mean geographically); but have we known him ever to marry his cook or his charwoman? Not until he was in his dotage! Yet some of them are quite excellent women.

True, legend has it that Molière always first read his plays to his cook. But does it really mean that he sought her advice, and learned from her taste, or that she was the only person who could not run away from the ordeal of readings from plays in the making? Had she left her kitchen—why, her roast would have burnt! Which is a very humble example as to how one would find many strange things if one were to uproot history—who knows, we might even discover the disillusion that the closed and enigmatic smile of La Gioconda was because her teeth were not pearls; that Robinson Crusoe invented the island because of a difficult wife, as you—not You—invoke the club! But better close one's eyes and cultivate faith!

To come back to economy and domesticity again. Once upon a time there was a home-loving woman. (Beg your pardon? Certainly *not*; it is not a fairy-tale.) She was married to a man who did not appreciate her. (Now you see it is a true story!) She was a nice little woman, unselfish and conscientious. On certain occasions he acknowledged her existence—when he was ill, for instance, or when there was a beastly bore of a job to be done which she could do "ever so much better" (such as packing, or writing letters of sympathy, or on evenings when he had asked some friends to dine and his cook happened to be week-ending). When the war started he began the economy campaign. I don't think the war affected him very much, but it is always good to check woman's extravagance! He didn't sell his car, nor resign his expensive club, nor change into a smaller house, because economy must spring from the hearth-stone, so to speak; and he declared firmly to his wife she must curtail her housekeeping expenditure, not on food, of course—that is, not for breakfast nor

dinner—but lunch: well, could not she and the servants have something quite light in the middle of the day; say, a biscuit and a glass of milk? He had his lunch in the City. And her clothes—

he was quite sure she spent much too much on clothes. Some women seemed to manage on a great deal less. Bearish was telling him the other day, for instance, how Mrs. Bearish, "and you know, my dear, how ultra-*chic* the woman is—well, she makes all her clothes. Isn't she wonderful? She never asks Bearish for anything. It seems she was inclined to be extravagant when they were first married; but he was firm, and you see she succeeds in being smart on a few paltry pounds pocket-money."

Ethel, who remembered Mrs. Bearish's clothes, with their miraculous cut and their tabs upon which names to conjure with in the world of dress were written—Ethel smiled and said nothing. She had solidarity, and thought quite impartially, "Serves Bearish right."

She set to her task of parsimonious paring and sparing. She had no need to send away some of her servants—the milk and biscuit did that! She worked like three maids, dressed like an underpaid governess, bought no flowers, no perfumes, wore cotton gloves and coarse stockings, and at the end of six months triumphantly told her husband that she had managed to save ninety pounds odd on the housekeeping! She waited with a pretty flush for the exclamations of surprise and

praise. But the surprise was hers. "What?" roared the husband. "What? Ninety pounds! Do you mean to say that there had been before a *leakage* of ninety pounds in six months? That is almost two hundred pounds a year! Monstrous! I have been *robbed* right and left for want of a little supervision. Two hundred pounds a year wasted through your carelessness! *I am disappointed in you, Ethel.*" Upon which he pocketed the cause of the quarrel—and his typist had a pretty brooch next day.

As for the "clinging" type of woman, it can't very well come back, in France anyway, because it never was there. We don't cling—when we care we hold, and as often as not we prop; and when we don't care we don't cling either, we just "stick it." We are the partner, and sometimes the "boss"; but there's no Virginian-Creepiness about us!

Domesticity—who in these days can define domesticity correctly? Some people think it is having always the same corner table at Ciro's—and I don't know that they are not right. After all, is not home a place where two people are happy together?

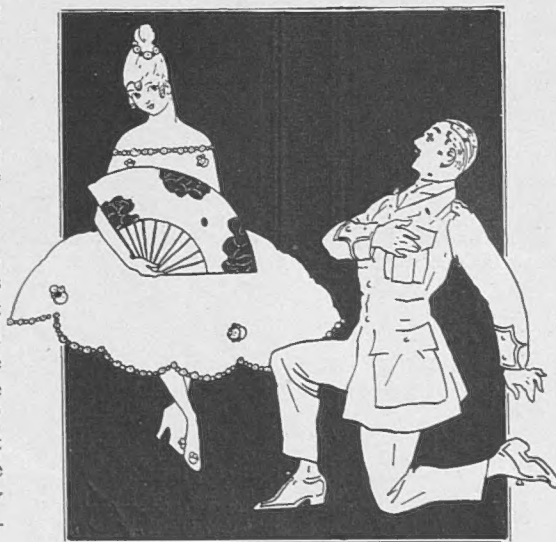
But it is impossible for the simple—like me—to puzzle out some of these social problems. Why, there was a Bishop the other day who actually condemned "*tea-drinking in the home on Sunday*"! There are many of us whom it will not trouble much. We can go and have tea at other people's homes, or—the Savoy is still there, isn't it?—or one can run away and have tea, from Saturday to Monday, as far from home as possible. You and I can do that—I mean you and I separately, of course!

But what of the worthy bourgeois to whom tea-drinking is an institution, and who places the tea-pot on the mahogany table with the reverence of a rite—or, if there is "company," on a "new-fangled," insecure, capricious, slender-legged thing in the drawing-room? What, I wonder, is to become of him and her? Will not this forbidden leaf make other also usually considered innocent practices appear reprehensible? What of the disgraceful custom of a glass of hot water at bed-time—no, "before retiring" is more genteel? What of the frivolous habit of lunching from porridge at Leopard's? The frisky enjoyment of knitting socks in the back

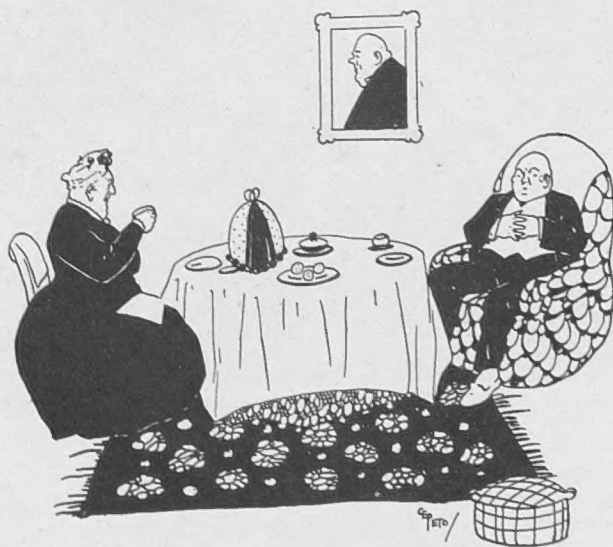
garden after lunch? What is left to those good people deprived of their giddy pleasures but to hire a car and speed for a week-end to the Metro-Grand at Brighton?



"What is left but to hire a car and speed away for a week-end?"



"What is it you ask . . . is it, 'Will you see that breakfast is punctual?'"



"A Bishop . . . actually condemned 'tea-drinking in the home on Sunday'!"

SMALL TALK

IT is agreed that the quartet of official war-painters is admirably chosen. Granted that they are admirably chosen, the question is—"Who chose them?" Nobody is inclined to believe that a Government Department is responsible all on its own—that it sat down in office hours and worked out the selection according to its lights. Mr. Bonham Carter is, naturally, suspected of being personally responsible for the excellent display of official intelligence, and Mr. Marsh is also named as a likely puller of strings. "Eddie" Marsh is usually looked upon as Mr. Asquith's guardian angel in modern literary matters; he it is who introduces the Georgian poets to Downing Street, and sometimes to the Civil List; but he is no less well informed in painting, and his rooms are full of the works of the moderns, from Augustus John to the Vorticists.

Khaki and Velvet.

Will the painting four be put into uniform? And, if so, what will be the distinctive badge? A velvet collar suggests itself as the fitting emblem of the craft—velvet, perhaps, for Mr. John, the master, and velveteen for the rest. Mr. Kennington we already know as a depicter of this war: his "The Kensingtons at Laventie" is a great martial effort—with a name that suggests a Criterion comedy rather than a battle; and Mr. Nevinson has already produced stuff full of the grit and iron of the field. From John we may expect something new in the way of war-scenes. Of the four, Mr. Ambrose McEvoy is the mystery. We know his interiors, his mirrors, his sofas, his

the A.S.C.; but, being well versed in anatomy and a competent judge of human stature, settled on the latter. Of Orpen in old Slade days we read in the school magazine that when he arrived in Gower Street "there was more of the workman about him than the aeroplaneist, with his unkempt brown hair growing low over his forehead, almost concealing the two formidable lumps hurled by his Creator with graceful intention above each of the keen, deep-set grey eyes—no collar, but a wisp of what had once been green tied round his neck with exquisite care, but utterly

useless alike for the purposes of decoration and protection; his trousers of such phenomenal bagginess at the knees as to suggest a life-long humility. . . . His brain and body act as a combined machine. The latter, unusually strong and muscular, gives him tireless powers of endurance"—and so on through an amusing and absurd category of virtues. The writer, one Stephen Granger, is now a private in the Artillery; McEvoy and John, also his fellow-students, are to paint the war; Thesiger, another Slade man of that time, has been at the front, re-

turned, made his fame as a comedian, and now, faithful to his old love, is holding a Red Cross exhibition of his drawings in Bond Street.

A Hopeful Toast. Lord Rosebery's forcible plea for economy throws suspicion on a good story, inasmuch as the plea shows him to be a whole-hearted retrenchment man, and the



A SALESWOMAN AT THE CALEDONIAN MARKET "WAR FAIR": THE BARONESS DE FOREST.

The Baroness de Forest, who assists the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Bingham at her "Hats" stall, at the "Wounded Allies" War Fair this week, is the wife of Baron de Forest, the adopted son of the late Baron Hirsch.—Mrs. Duggan officiates with much success at a "Sweets" stall at the "Wounded Allies" War Fair at the Caledonian Market, this week.

Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.



A SALESWOMAN AT THE CALEDONIAN MARKET "WAR FAIR": MRS. DUGGAN.



QUEEN MARY'S NEEDLEWORK GUILD IN INDIA: LADY WOOD RENTON'S BANDAGE CLASS, IN CEYLON.

The valuable work done by Queen Mary's Needlework Guild is much appreciated in all parts of the Empire, and our photograph shows a bandage class, inaugurated by Lady Wood Renton, at work in Ceylon. Lady Renton is the wife of Sir Alexander Wood Renton, Chief

Justice of the Supreme Court, Ceylon, and is Vice-President of Queen Mary's Needlework Guild, which is at present busily employed in making bandages for the use of the wounded in the war.—[Photograph by Platé and Co.]

portraits—including the adorable "Mrs. Brett"—but his trench work is still an unknown quantity.

The Slade Battalion. Talking of uniformed talent, I am told Mr. Orpen is in or about to get into khaki. He pondered, as he put it, between the Irish Guards and

story suggests that he is irked by the skinflint rule of saving. He and Lord Curzon were dining at a house where the King's example in the matter of wines had been followed. Each guest's glass was filled—half-filled—with ginger-beer. Lord Rosebery lifted his, and, bending towards Lord Curzon, whispered his toast. It was "Der Tag!" True or no, it remains a good story.

THREE WEDDINGS: THEATRICAL; NAVAL; SOCIETY.



1. MISS PAMELA MAUDE AND HER HUSBAND, MAJOR WILLIAM CONGREVE, D.S.O.

3. A NAVAL WEDDING: LIEUTENANT DOUGLAS B. FISHER, R.N., AND MISS CONSTANCE PARKER.

2. MISS PAMELA MAUDE'S WEDDING: FATHERS OF THE BRIDE AND BRIDE-GROOM—MR. CYRIL MAUDE; LIEUT.-GEN. WALTER CONGREVE, V.C.

4. LORD HAWKE'S WEDDING: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM ARRIVING FOR THE RECEPTION.

St. Martin's-in-the-Fields was the rendezvous of many notabilities on June 1, for the marriage of Miss Pamela Maude, daughter of Mr. Cyril Maude, to Major William La Touche Congreve, D.S.O. Major Congreve is a son of Lieutenant-General Walter Congreve, V.C. The Bishop of London performed the ceremony. The best man was Captain the Hon. William Fraser.—Miss Constance Parker (Mrs. Douglas Fisher)

is the daughter of the late Sir William Biddulph Parker. Lieutenant Douglas B. Fisher, R.N., is the son of Admiral William Blake Fisher, C.B. The wedding took place at Holy Trinity Church, Fareham.—The marriage of Lord Hawke, the famous cricketer, with Mrs. Arthur Cross, took place on June 1, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. In the large congregation were many well-known cricketers.

Photographs Nos. 1 and 2, by G.P.U.; Nos. 3 and 4, by Topical.

In the last issue of "The Sketch" we published, under a portrait of Miss Peggy Rush, the statement that that lady was engaged to be married to the Hon. George St. John Brodrick. We were unaware when we gave publicity to this statement that it had been contradicted officially several days before. We regret exceedingly any annoyance caused by our publication.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

Fishing Folk.

Owing to a combination of circumstances into which I need not enter, I have lately been brought into contact with people who fish. The situation was quaint enough. To one side of a straight road lay the sea; to the other a fresh-water lake. The sharp division of these two worlds was symbolic of the sharp division between the two sets of fishermen. On the one hand, you had twenty men who laboriously dragged the sea with huge nets for a living. These people had no love for fishing. It was impossible that they should have. Their poor hands were huge and horny with the lifelong labour of pulling in that great net. Sometimes the net broke, and then all their patient efforts were in vain. When it held, when all went smoothly, they earned some three to four shillings per head in return for hours of work. There were old men and old women amongst them. I shall never forget the anxious look on every face as the net emerged from the waves.

Cross the road, and what a different world! Here you found tired men of business fishing for their health! They paid for the privilege! All day long, with a brief interval for lunch, they sat, solitary and apart, in small boats, and angled for fish with a line and a hook! When, after much waiting, a fish was hooked, what did they do with it? Was it carried in triumph to the kitchen of the hostelry wherein they lodged? Was it despatched to feed the Londoner? Oh dear, no! They would remove it from the hook with gentle fingers, and return it to the home whence it came!

Two worlds indeed!

The King of the Inn.

I happened to be staying at this same hostelry—not to fish, for I am no fisherman, and had, anyway, a sterner purpose in view. I shall long remember the evening of my arrival. Three or four of us were collected about the front door when a sudden whisper went round—

"Here he is!"

I looked, and saw approaching an elderly gentleman of benign, cheerful aspect. There was nothing whatever remarkable about him. He carried a rod, I think, but no fish. (As I say, these fishermen never returned with their fish.) But every soul in the vicinity stiffened and saluted as the elderly gentleman, with a pleasant smile, passed into the hotel.

"Who is it?" I whispered.

"Don't you know?" They seemed aghast at my ignorance.

"Not in the least."

"That's one of the most remarkable men in the world!"

"Indeed? Do I know his name?"

"Oh, probably not. But he's a person of great distinction. We're all tremendously proud to know him!"

"Would you mind telling me why?"

A deep hush fell upon the little group. And then, in the stillness of the twilight hour, they told me.

"The day before yesterday, he caught a twenty-pound pike!"

Silently, impelled by some mysterious, hidden force, we moved towards the bar.

On Pike.

The pike is not a lovable fish. He is a fresh-water Hun, just as the shark is the Hun of the sea. All these men, some full of experience and others with less knowledge, had a definite opinion of the pike. He would bite you as soon as look at you. He devoured everything. A ten-pound pike would devour a seven-pound pike. The talk was all of pike. There were pike, stuffed and glazed, in glass cases all round the little bar. There was a huge pike, also stuffed and glazed, actually let into a cavity that had been scooped out for his reception outside the front door. You could not be in that hostelry for many hours without learning to think harshly of the pike, and to deal with him, when occasion arose, as one would deal with a Hun.

On a certain afternoon, for example, I was proceeding along the road in pursuit of my legitimate business. I heard a cry for help, and perceived, on the bank of the lake, a gentleman of sedentary habits who had sworn to catch a pike or perish in the effort. I ran to his assistance. At his feet, panting, covered with shingle, but still full of fight, lay a large pike! The gentleman of sedentary habits was pale but exultant.

"I've got 'im!" he gasped.

"So I see. But what's he doing here?"

"I towed him across the lake. Then I pulled him ashore. What shall I do now? He hasn't bitten me yet!"

We deliberated. The monster gave a sudden leap, and we also leapt.

"If I were you," I advised, "I'd get him into the boat, row along to the hotel as quickly as possible, and obtain skilled assistance."

"But suppose he attacks me on the way?"

"You must risk that."

So we enveloped the deadly creature in the meshes of the landing-net, and, at my final glimpse of the sedentary gentleman, he was standing in the boat, as far as possible from his captured foe, gingerly punting himself towards the hotel. But the strain told. A day or two later, he abandoned this wild life and returned to civilisation.

Miss Corelli's Tribute.

I had been wondering when Miss Marie Corelli would set the seal on the Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebrations. At last I came across her contribution, in the form of an article in *To-Day*, that sturdy phoenix.

Miss Corelli is disgusted with certain inhabitants of Stratford-on-Avon who profess to be "fed up" with Shakespeare. These people, I suppose, know their Shakespeare so thoroughly that they need never verify their references. That is not Miss Corelli's case. She is still the human student. "I am sure," she cries, "he was often seen coming along Henley Street—

"With shining morning face, creeping like snail
Reluctantly to school."

"Reluctantly" do I suggest that "unwillingly" is the more poetic word.



TWO LADIES WHO ARE DOING GOOD WORK IN FRANCE: MISS C. I. BRASS—
MISS E. S. BURROWS.

Each of the ladies whose portraits we give is running her own car, and also acting as a nurse, at the Anglo-French Ambulance, run behind the firing-line, by Mrs. James Symons.

Photographs by Claude Harris.

MORALS OF MACKENZIE: THE HOUSE-HUNTERS.



"When Lieutenant Newlywed was drafted to Sylvanrill, the local house-agent gave him various "permits to view", including —



"Pinecrest"—furnished, charming country house in well-wooded grounds, approached by long avenue drive and, —



"Sweet Repose"—picturesque upper maisonette; modern conveniences; magnificent views; secluded; suit quiet people.....



So, after a dreary and exhausting hunt, we see the sad lieutenant and his now helpless wife finally abandoning the hopeless quest of the furnished house.



THE CLUBMAN

DESIRABLE, BUT VERY DIFFICULT: HEROES ALL: USING THE COMB.

A Trench Badge. That our fighting men who have borne the heat and burden of the day in the trenches should be distinguished in some way above their fellows is a taking proposal; but, in common with many other excellent ideas, it has attendant difficulties. I, like every other man in Great Britain, would like to know, when I meet in the streets a soldier in uniform or a discharged man, whether he has been through the ordeal of the trenches, and to honour him for his gallantry and endurance. But the making-out of the rolls of men entitled to the distinction, and the continual additions to those rolls, would be a very arduous clerical task, and one that no Commanding Officer would wish his Orderly Room staff to undertake during the time his regiment is in the trenches, or resting in billets after its turn in the firing line. The making-out of a new medal-roll after a campaign, amidst peaceful surroundings, is a lengthy and difficult task, and I have never heard of such a work of compilation being undertaken on active service.

Some of the Difficulties.

It would not be an easy matter to decide in which of the many fields of action the trench badge could be won. If it were confined to men who had fought in Belgium and France, the men who went through the inferno of Gallipoli would have a very genuine cause for complaint; and if the Gallipoli heroes are to wear the badge, surely those splendid fellows in Mesopotamia—Goringe's troops, who have waded knee-deep through marshes in a detestable climate to attack the Turkish lines—should wear the badge. And the men in Egypt watching the line of the Suez Canal and the men doing outpost work at Salonika are in the presence of the enemy, and it would be hard to exclude them from the honour. The men also who guard our Eastern coast, and who any morning may find the shells from the enemy's raiding cruisers falling amongst them, and on whom, any night, a Zeppelin squadron may rain bombs—is there anyone who will say that they are not worthy of special honour?

The Men in the Trenches.

It would be difficult also to say who are "the men in the trenches." The infantry, who with the regularity of a clock move from the firing line to rest-billets and to reserve, come first to one's thoughts; but the Artillery, preparing the way for an assault or playing long bowls against the enemy's big guns, run tremendous risks, and so do the Engineers, who go out at night to repair the wire and direct digging operations. And the Transport men and the A.S.C., who bring the rations up to the communication trenches over roads pitted by the enemy's shells, they surely should be given the trench badge if one is instituted.

The Custom of the Service.

It is the custom of the Services that individual deeds of gallantry shall be rewarded at once, and in this war men who have won the V.C. and other coveted decorations for valour have been given their Cross or medal as soon as is possible, the King in most cases himself pinning the decoration on the man's breast. It has not been the custom to give a general medal, or its equivalent, before the close of a war. When the time comes for the medal and its bars to be struck, a special bar for trench work might well be added to those bars which will commemorate our big successes. Every soldier knows that the glory of a medal lies not so much in the medal itself as in

the bars on the ribbon. And at the end of this war every lady whose father or brothers or sons wear khaki will know as much about medals and bars as though they were soldiers themselves.

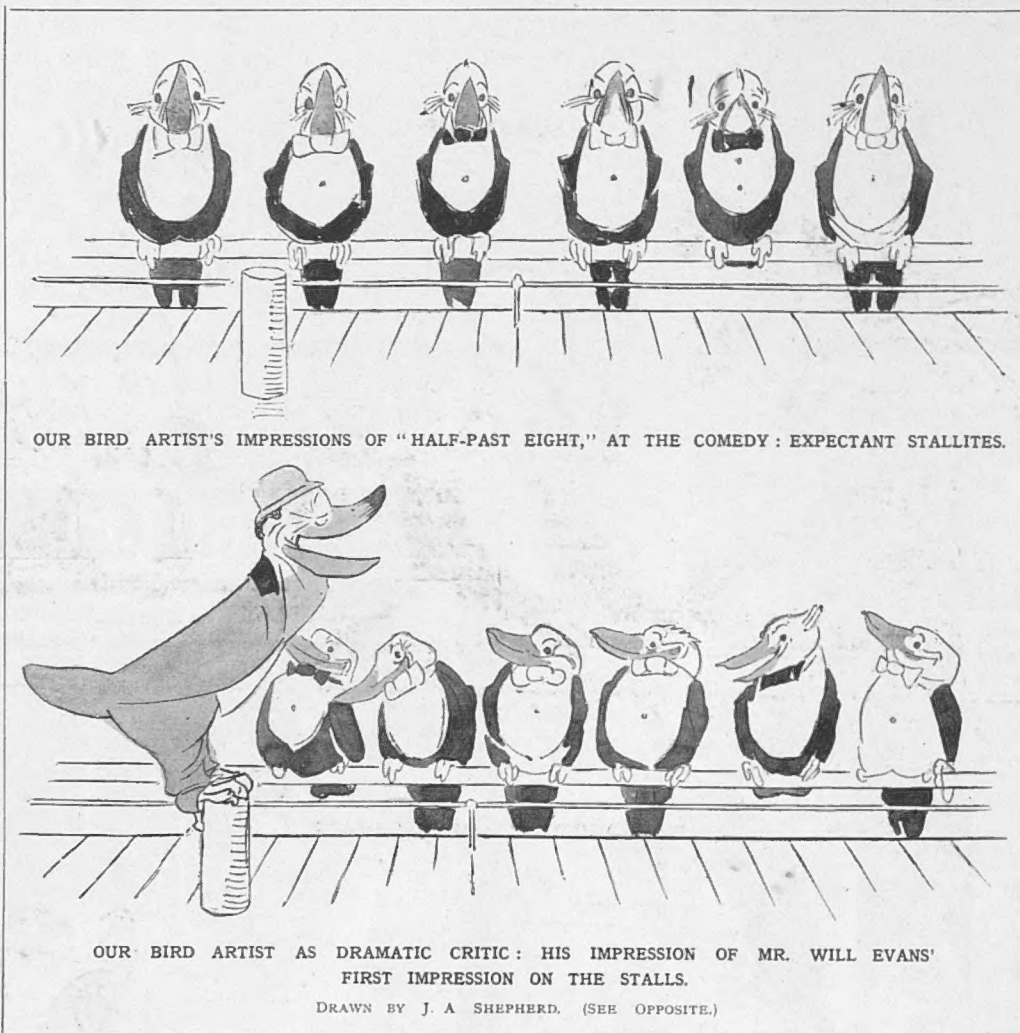
The Discharged Heroes.

The man who comes home on leave from the trenches is unmistakable, even when the trench mud has been brushed from his garments by willing hands; and the wounded men in their blue flannel are, as they deserve, honoured and petted throughout the length and breadth of this land; but I think that some distinguishing mark—a trench badge, an armband, a medallion, a cross, what you please—should be given to the wounded men who are of no further military value, the men broken in our wars who are sent back to civil life

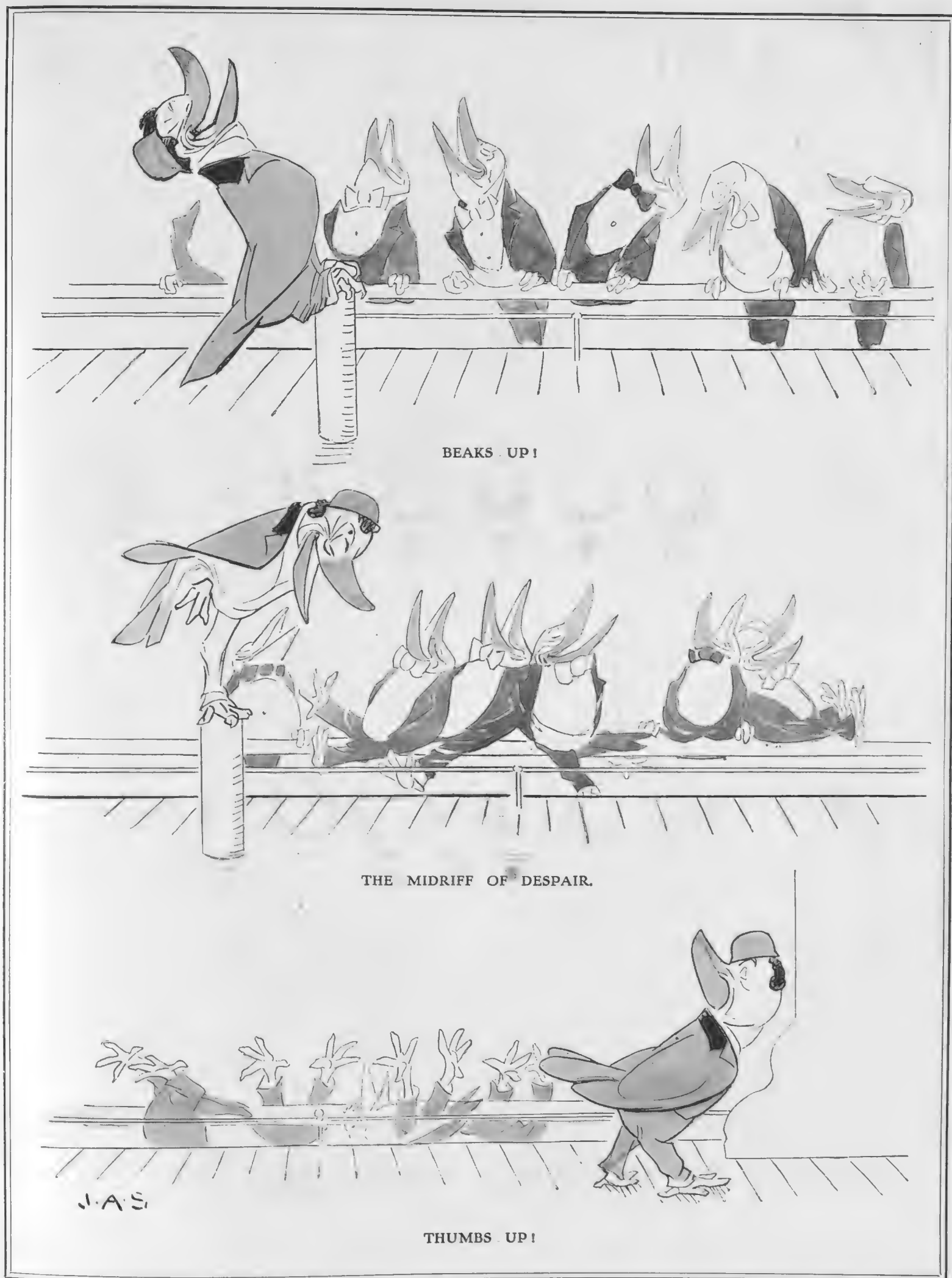
and are swallowed up in the grey mass of the non-combatants. They have given their all for their country, and the least their country can do is to see that they shall be honoured among her sons.

Combing Out.

No doubt, Colonel Churchill hit a nail on the head when he spoke in the House of the many combatants who are doing non-combatant work. A servant of an officer at a base is in no greater danger than is a servant in a London club, and probably these men will be replaced by convalescent men who are not equal to the hard work of the trenches, just as wounded but convalescent officers are now replacing in many appointments sound men who are eager to be moved up into the firing line. But the soldier servant of an officer in the trenches leads a very different life from the man who is servant to an officer holding an appointment outside the danger-zone. The former goes into the trenches with his officer, and takes his full share of danger and the weariness, finding time somehow or another to wait on his master, to lay down his blankets, and other such simple domestic duties as trench life calls for. The servant of the man in the trenches certainly should not be combed out.



BY OUR BIRD ARTIST: WILL EVANS ORNITHOLOGIZED!



Our bird artist went to see "Half-Past Eight," at the Comedy, the other night. These are his impressions of Mr. Will Evans as Mr. Wigley; with some of the audience.

DRAWN BY J. A. SHEPHERD.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL has returned to England and the St. James's; she is playing Bella Donna, and her Mrs. Chepstow is as picturesque, as languorous, and as wicked as ever she was. But wicked women are just now a little out of fashion (the cynic says they are sure to come in again one day soon, and be as popular as ever!), and Mrs. Pat's performance is interesting not because it thrills us now, but because it shows us the things that thrilled us in the old days. As some clever person puts it, the revival of Mr. Hichens's play sets back the clock a few years or so, and at the St. James's we exchange, just for an evening, Summer Time for Hichens Time.

"Fast." Whether she is shortly to come into her own again or not is a matter of opinion, but we are all agreed that the wicked woman is out of it for the time being. She is hiding her diminished head; her barbaric charms being laid aside, her new insignia are those of the Red Cross; she can get no author of repute to put her into a book, and painters have thrown her over. When we remember that she was in her prime as far back as the eighteen-nineties, and that Beardsley, if he still lived, would be middle-aged, we need not wonder that she is a back number. Perhaps she dates even farther back than the 'nineties, for it was unthinkable years ago that



A LOYAL HELPER OF THE Y.M.C.A.: MRS. SAXTON NOBLE.

Mrs. Noble has for some time past worked strenuously for the funds of the Y.M.C.A., and on Wednesday last lent her residence, Kent House, Knightsbridge, for a musical matinée arranged by H.R.H. Princess Victoria.

Photograph by Swaine.

Queen Alexandra wrote in a confession-album that her ambition was "not to be fast." Such was a Princess's way of repudiating a common tendency. Now we hardly recognise that use of the word: it still belongs, we believe, to the vocabulary of the police force, but for Princess Mary and the younger generation it is an adjective that belongs to clocks and motors, never to the sex.

The Smart Set While we have it on the best authority that the wicked woman is no longer in Society, we are told on equally good authority that the baby is. Babies have come out. They are fashionable. Mrs. Alan Parsons, when she had only one, used to go with it on week-end visits; and we hope that the charming fashion will not altogether cease, now that a cot as well as a cradle form part of the family impedimenta. It was charming Lady Mainwaring who helped to introduce the long-clothes baby to afternoon parties, and who believes, as



TO MARRY MAJOR CHARLES MILNES PEACOCK: MISS SYLVIA TAYLOR.

Miss Taylor is the eldest daughter of Captain George and Lady Elizabeth Taylor (who is the aunt of the Earl of Wilton), of Pickenham Hall, Swaffham, Norfolk, and her brother, who was in the Coldstream Guards, fell last year in the war. Major Peacock, 2nd Battalion Sherwood Rangers, is son of the late Mr. C. G. Peacock, of Greatford Hall, Stamford.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



VERY POPULAR IN SOCIETY: MISS CECILIA JERNINGHAM.

Miss Jerningham is the eldest daughter of Sir Henry Jerningham, eleventh Baronet, by his first marriage. Her mother, who was the widow of Mr. Alfred Reeve Fellowes, of The Old Hall, Weston, Norfolk, died in 1896. Miss Jerningham would have been a débutante this year had not the war killed the Season.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

eighty-four names. As a matter of fact, that number can be divided, if not by six, at any rate by three or four, and give a more accurate notion of the number of Peers who have been in the trenches.

But to call them all fighting Peers is a kindly exaggeration.

Chances at the Fair. Mrs. Ernest Rhys asked me the

other day for books for her stall at the Caledonian Market, and, if I may judge from the somewhat haphazard way in which one makes up a parcel from one's shelves when one is asked to be quick and give "anything," an interesting and chancy assortment should turn up at the Fair. It should be as interesting as Charing Cross Road when one hasn't been to it for six months, or more interesting; for in Charing Cross Road, even after six months, a great proportion of the stock-in-trade has lasted over, rain-stained and rejected, from a period indefinitely distant. And even with "war prices" at the Caledonian Market, some people hope to pick up "bargains."



A NURSE ON HOLIDAY: MISS YVONNE FITZ-ROY.

Miss Fitz-Roy is the daughter of Sir Almeric Fitz-Roy, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., and Lady Fitz-Roy, who was a daughter of Sir Henry Thomas Farquhar, fourth Baronet. Miss Fitz-Roy, during her short rest from nursing, will help her mother with the war-charity matinée which Lady Fitz-Roy is arranging at the Strand Theatre.

Photograph by Compton Collier.

fervently as Sir James Parrie, in the irresistible attractions of Kensington Gardens. Parrie, of course, has something to do with the cult of the child; but so, too, has the war, which throws so many mothers into the small but comforting arms of their young. Moreover, a natural good-fellowship exists between the soldier on leave and his offspring: the attraction is mutual. The talk of the child can be very refreshing after the talk of the mess, and a khaki father is often much more interesting than a civilian one.

Winston's Figures. Winston's analysis of the

Army, with its one bayonet to every six mouths, is perhaps true of some grades of the Service; but does it carry conviction to average you or common me in the light of our immediate knowledge? Take, for instance, the roll of our brothers and cousins and best friends, take the first six names that occur to you, and test Winston's scale of mouths and bayonets. I, for one, find the rule reversed. One of that first six is still at home in the A.S.C.; the other five have been in actual fighting. On the other hand, I was given a list the other day of members of the House of Lords who are serving in the war. It was headed "Fighting Peers," and contained one hundred and



NURSING WOUNDED SOLDIERS: LADY MARY PLUNKETT.

Lady Mary Plunkett is the elder of the daughters of the Earl and Countess of Fingall. The Earl is serving in the Leinster Regiment, and is a prominent speaker at recruiting meetings in Ireland; and Lady Mary's brother, Lord Killeen, is a Lieutenant in the 17th Lancers.—[Photograph by Poole.]

SOCIETY: AT THE L.K.A. SHOW, AND IN THE PARK.



AT RANELAGH: THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE
IN THE SHOW RING.



AT RANELAGH: INTERESTED, AND INTERESTING SPECTATORS—CAPTAIN AND MRS.
QUINTIN DICK AND LORD CHESTERFIELD.



IN THE PARK: LORD AND LADY VIVIAN.



IN THE PARK: LADY PARK LYLE, WITH A GRAND-DAUGHTER.

Despite the difficulties inevitable in organising a dog show in war-time, the L.K.A.'s Championship Dog Show at Ranelagh is so popular a feature of the London season that even in this no-season year many familiar faces were to be seen. The Duchess of Newcastle, who was a daughter of the late Major Candy, and was married to the Duke of Newcastle in 1889, is a devoted lover and expert judge of dogs, and was there, as usual. Another of our pictures shows Captain Quintin Dick, High Sheriff of County Wicklow, 1898, and Mrs. Quintin Dick, who was the daughter of Major Penn Curzon;

and with them is the Earl of Chesterfield, who married the Hon. Enid Wilson, daughter of Lord Nunburnholme.—Hyde Park and the Row, although they cannot be the rendezvous which they are in normal seasons, yet attract a number of well-known people, now that the weather has got beyond the too-often-broken promises of spring, and one of our photographs shows Lord and Lady Vivian, and the other, Lady Park Lyle, wife of Sir Robert Park Lyle, the great authority on sugar supplies, walking with one of her two young grand-daughters.—[Photographs by Topical.]

WAR WEDDINGS: A BRIDE — AND SOME BRIDES-TO-BE.



TO MARRY SECOND-LIEUTENANT G. CLIVE JACKSON: MISS VIOLET L. SHACKEL.



TO MARRY MR. LANCELOT C. BULLOCK: MISS JESSIE M. BEADELL.



TO MARRY CAPT. L. A. W. B. LACHLAN: MISS SYBIL N. Y. ARMSTRONG.



TO MARRY LIEUT.-COM. IVOR CHICHESTER: MISS CICELY M. EARDLEY-WILMOT.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN A. McR. MOFFATT: MISS MAY ALICE HERBERT.



MARRIED ON JUNE 1: MISS VIOLA M. ROBINSON (MRS. J. J. P. EVANS).



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT W. A. RICHARDSON: MISS B. M. ASHFORD DASH.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN M. LEAHY: MISS NANCY EELES.



TO MARRY MR. E. STEPHENSON CLARKE SCOTS GDS.: MISS FRANCES M. WHITEHEAD.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN O. L. TRECHMAN: MISS ESMÉ TRECHMAN.



TO BE MARRIED ON SATURDAY: MISS IRIS MARY HOTBLACK.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT C. C. RUSSELL: MISS D. MOLLER.

Miss Shackel is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Shackel, Erleigh, Mayfield. Lieutenant Jackson, Warwickshire Yeomanry, is son of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Jackson, Knowle, Warwickshire.—Miss Beadell is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Beadell, Cumberland House, Kensington. Mr. Bullock is son of the late Mr. Charles Bullock, and of Mrs. Bullock, of Mill Hill.—Miss Armstrong is daughter of Mr. Walter Armstrong, M.I.C.E., of Naerodal, Slough.—Miss Eardley-Wilmot is daughter of the late Colonel Sir Assheton Eardley-Wilmot, and of Lady Eardley-Wilmot, of 83, Cromwell Road, S.W. Lieutenant-Commander Chichester, R.N.R., is son of the late Major Newton Chichester, Dragoon Guards.—Miss Herbert is daughter of Mr. R. W. Herbert, Ashville, Sunderland. Captain Moffatt, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and R.F.C., is son of Mr. Alexander Moffatt, Sheriff-Substitute of Stirlingshire.—Miss Robinson (Mrs. J. J. P. Evans) is daughter of

Mr. Lionel Robinson, Old Buckenham Hall, Norfolk. Mr. J. J. P. Evans, Welsh Guards, is son of the late Sir Griffith Evans, K.C.I.E.—Miss Dash is daughter of Mr. R. Ashford Dash, of Oxshott. Lieutenant Richardson is in the Canadian Field Artillery.—Miss Eeles is daughter of Mr. Thomas Eeles, of Sutton. Captain Leahy is in the R.A.M.C.—Miss Whitehead is daughter of Mr. Robert Whitehead, Alvie. Mr. Stephenson Clarke, Scots Guards, S.R., is son of Colonel Stephenson Clarke, C.B.—Miss Trechman is daughter of Mr. A. O. Trechman, The Old Palace, Rochester. Captain Trechman is in the Durham R.G.A.—Miss Hotblack is daughter of Mr. Hotblack, of Bolton, Lewes. Captain Alan Morton, R.F.A., R.F.C., is son of Major P. F. Morton.—Miss Moller is daughter of Mr. L. W. Moller, late of Antwerp. Lieutenant C. C. Russell, R.F.C., is son of Mr. C. C. Russell, of King's Norton, Birmingham.

Photograph No. 1, by Bassano; No. 2, by Thomson; No. 5, by Press Portrait Bureau; No. 11, by Lafayette; No. 12, by Vandyk; Nos. 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10, by Swaine.

"US BE A TRULY RURAL LOT": BING BOYS — AND EMMA.



"IN LONDON TOWN"—FIRST IMPRESSIONS: (LEFT TO RIGHT) MR. ALFRED LESTER, OLIVER BING; AND MR. GEORGE ROBEY, LUCIFER.



PREPARING TO SEE LIFE—IN HIRED DRESS-SUITS: MR. ALFRED LESTER AND MR. GEORGE ROBEY EXPLORING LONDON.



"WE'RE OFF TO TOWN!": (LEFT TO RIGHT) MR. GEORGE ROBEY AS LUCIFER BING, MISS VIOLET LORAIN AS EMMA, AND MR. ALFRED LESTER AS OLIVER BING.

The Bing Boys have been "here," that is, at the Alhambra, for some time now, and they look like remaining indefinitely. How should it be otherwise when they are two such bright boys as Mr. George Robey and Mr. Alfred Lester? At their native village of Binghampton they and their friends sing "Us be a truly rural lot," and

Emma, the Bing family's domestic, joins Lucifer, the bad boy of the family, in a duet, "If you were the only Boy in the world and I were the only Girl." Later, all unite in "We're off to Town," and the rest of the revue presents their adventures there. Among other things, Emma becomes a duchess.

Photographs by Wrather and Buys.



“Shall we find a nice, quiet corner?”

“LET’S tie up in the shade for a bit. You must want a rest. And I can see by the way you’re looking at my Kenilworth that you’d like one of them too.”

Kenilworths are the most soothing and seductive cigarettes imaginable.

It isn’t only the flavour of the wonderful golden Virginia that makes a Kenilworth so delightful to smoke. Look how beautifully it is made. Even if you strip the paper off, a Kenilworth still holds together as a perfect cigarette.

And notice how carefully the long, fine tresses of tobacco are laid side by side, so as to secure a “through-current” of air and an even smoke.

There’s no other cigarette quite like a Kenilworth. You will find that Kenilworths compare favourably with the most expensive brands you can buy in Bond Street.

For _____ somewhere in _____. Aren’t you going to send him some? His thoughts will be with you when he smokes Kenilworth.

PRICES.—1/- for 20, 2/4 for 50, 4/8 for 100. If your Tobacconist does not stock them, send his name and address and 1/- in stamps for sample box, post free.

FOR THE FRONT.—We will post Kenilworth Cigarettes to Soldiers or Sailors abroad, specially packed in airtight tins of 50, at 2/6 per 100, duty free. Postage 1/- for 200 to 300; 1/4 up to 900. Minimum order 200. Order through your tobacconist or send remittance direct to us.

Postal Address: 10, Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool.

COPE BROS. & CO., LTD., LIVERPOOL & LONDON.

Manufacturers of High Class Cigarettes.



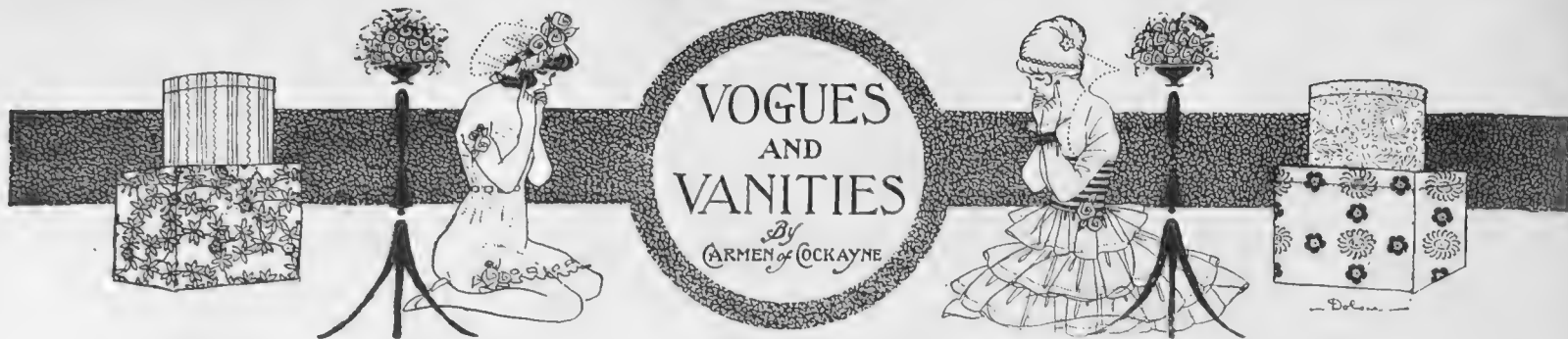
THE UTILITY MAN.



THE BUSINESS MAN (*to applicant for a situation*): Yes; we're short-handed, but what use do you think you'd be in an office?

THE APPLICANT: Well, Guv'ner; I'm wot yer might call a ori-round useful sort o' man—light a match for yer; 'old a door open; ring ther bell for ther lift; look an' see if it's left off rainin'; and tell people yer out when you ain't.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



The Child and the Chic.

Dull old women of both sexes—presumably bachelors and maids of uncertain age—are full of dull ideas about dress. They write long pamphlets on the quite obvious text that the "boys and girls of to-day are the men and women of to-morrow." They dwell on the importance of proper feeding and clean teeth. They tell you with an air of discovery that a race of vigorous citizens is a nation's greatest asset. They re-hash platitudes until you are sick of the whole subject. But when it comes to clothes they are altogether astray. Apparently, one of the fundamental doctrines of the hygienic faith is that a healthy body cannot be nourished in a pretty frock. Hygiene is a sort of Moloch, and the children must be passed through dowdiness in sacrifice to him. But that is the tiresome way of reformers. They can never see more than one side of a subject; and in this matter they assume that a forbidding character is somehow necessary to common-sense clothing, forgetting that children, men, and women have æsthetic cravings which ought to be satisfied and given a right direction. A good deal of real unhappiness might be spared if the young were always led from their earliest years into a perception of what is and what is not good taste in dress. Clothes, as we know, play a very important part in life, and *chic* should no more be banished from the nursery than from the world outside it. There was a time when there were no fashions—or, at any rate, none worth speaking of—in children's clothes. That was in the bad old "children-should-be-seen-and-not-heard" days, when child-



It is made of tulle and chiffon and bows of ribbon, and its name is "Summer."

study was an undiscovered science and the art of nursery decoration unknown. After all,

we do owe something to the reformers. It was not until they provided us with comprehensive recipes for rearing healthy children that Fashion set to work to evolve clothes suitable for the exclusive use of the little people in the nursery; and a stroll through Kensington Gardens will afford ample evidence of the wide range of her activities in this particular direction.

Frocks and Socks. Under the great elms, and all about the Round Pond—where, as every child knows, Peter Pan sails boats all through the summer nights (and, if he doesn't, he ought to)—dainty little ladies disport themselves in charming frocks and hats of an

overwhelming fascination. Their short skirts—they could not be shorter and yet remain skirts, or, indeed, continue in existence at all—bunch and puff (as the mode requires in all skirts, both great and small), for all that their length is limited to a few inches. Far below them gay socks spring upwards, but stop short just in time to show a generous allowance of chubby legs and dimpled knees. Mademoiselle aged seven has even less qualms about publicly advertising her understandings than Madame twenty years her senior—and, anyhow, Fashion demands their display, so there is no more to be said. For, make no mistake about it, the whimsies of La Mode are thoroughly well known and understood in the nursery, whose inhabitants demand a scrupulous adherence to all her mandates. Just now, cool muslins with long-waisted "tops," and skirts that are nothing more than three or even two frills—well gathered to

show the daintinesses of lingerie that lie beneath—are *de rigueur*. Lawn and linen, too, lend a hand in the good work; and, if your fancy inclines to it, there is nothing to prevent your having a real hoop or crinoline. The frock which the Alice-in-Wonderland - hair girl on this page wears is of white fancy muslin. The frilly skirt and the cape and the cuffs are outlined with fine pink lawn, and the pink satin belt fastens with a pink flower. Monsieur her companion prefers butcher-blue gingham with white collar and cuffs, and one lapel to his coat, which, as you see, is just sufficiently long not to hide the very short breeches which are the correct thing just now. Monsieur, by the way, is an important person, and one not lightly to be overlooked. Presently, when the time arrives for his promotion to Etons and similar advanced styles, he will scorn the rainbow creations that are his pride and joy between the ages of four and six years. The costume of His Majesty's Navy is always open to him; but, if the truth be told, his fancy inclines to a somewhat more showy form of dress. Behold him, then, in abbreviated apologies for the bifurcated garments of his elder brothers, topped, it may be, with a brief, bright tunic adorned sometimes with a couple of pockets in front, smocked across the top, as Fashion demands. Or again, his fancy may be caught by a suit of cherry-coloured linen with white crochet buttons by way of ornament, and linen collar and cuffs of snowy white to provide a finishing touch—unless, indeed, he has fallen a victim to the simple charm of the suit whose component parts are coloured breeches and a white silk top.

The Romper's Outfit.

Nowhere are the tastes of the nursery people better understood and provided for than at the house of Rowe, in Bond Street, where at the moment particular attention is concentrated on "tub" frocks—jolly little affairs of gingham and linen, zephyr and print, in which one may romp with impunity, since they are especially designed to withstand the wear-and-tear incidental to the perfect summer holiday. Short and serviceable, in them the small wearer enjoys a complete holiday from the tyranny of the frill—that distressingly tell-tale accessory which will "rumple" on the flimsiest provocation.



The skirt may seem all too short for her long legs, but then that is modish, and so is the single lapel on the gingham jumper suit.



There are as good fish out of the sea as ever were in it, as this bathing-suit plainly proves. The kilted frock is of gingham, and the scalloping is pink.

ICI ON PARLE —



THE FIRST TOMMY: 'Ere, mister; this 'am is 'igh! Comprenny—'igh 'am!

THE SECOND TOMMY: Let me do it, 'Erbert; I know the lingo. 'Ere, gasson; Je suis!

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

LOVE IS BLIND.

JUST one of the many young officers who had sprung into being at the beginning of the war was Harry Knowlton. The call had come to him in his rather limited world of fancy socks and perfectly tailored clothes, and he had answered it. He had learned, with many other youngsters, to hate his sergeant-major on account of that old soldier's military knowledge; to regard his Colonel as a tiresome old man who also was not without knowledge; to swear by his Captain on all occasions; and to regard his fellow-subs. as so many sporting players in this new, jolly exciting game.

And there was a girl in the case too. Not that the non-existence of Phyllis Frane would have made him less eager to don khaki; but he might, out of sheer laziness and the beautiful certainty that the British Army was capable of wiping the earth with any old thing, have delayed offering his services for a while.

Phyllis Frane was young, too—twenty or thereabouts; and, if her beauty was not classical, it was the beauty of youth. And because she was young and romantic she could find beauty in war, for it was war that made heroes possible. In peace time there were runaway horses to be stopped, children to be rescued from blazing buildings, and just ordinary things like that; but in war it was all so different. There were trenches, and guns, and always handsome soldiers winning V.C.s—Phyllis could not imagine an ugly man doing it.

So it was that Phyllis had looked upon Harry Knowlton with a new light in her eyes when she first saw him in his uniform, and she at once pictured the drab of the khaki broken by a row of medal ribbons, for Harry was handsome enough.

It was only Ida, the twin-sister of Phyllis, who did not congratulate the boy that he was in the Army. Perhaps it was because she was not handsome, like Phyllis, and therefore could not be expected to be much of an expert in heroes; or perhaps it was that she was spending most of her time in one of the many hospitals that had sprung up in the country—sprung up out of sheer necessity, like the little wooden crosses that grow more and more every day across the Channel.

Ida did not, however, force her thoughts upon others, and when she spoke in that low, soft voice of hers—which was the only thing in which she was similar to Phyllis—she seldom mentioned the war. Despite this, Harry was quite convinced that Ida was dead-set against this wonderful time that was bringing into the limelight heroes who might otherwise have died unknown.

It was this supposed attitude of Ida's towards the Army that unconsciously annoyed Harry when he found her seated in a chair on the lawn that sloped down smoothly to the river. The strong sunlight made her face appear white and tired, and the slight frown between her eyes as she listened to the laughter of the people on the river made her look older.

"Taking a day off from that old hospital of yours?" Harry observed carelessly; and, without waiting for an answer, added, "Where's Phyllis?"

"Then you're off soon?" Ida said slowly, looking up into the eager face that told her so much.

"Yes; it's the front!" the lad cried joyously. Orders

to-day—off to-morrow, bag and baggage. Only just managed to rush down here to say good-bye."

Harry's eyes travelled rapidly about the garden; he shifted impatiently on his feet.

"Sorry to rush off," he said hurriedly. "Got something"—the lad hesitated, and blushed under his tan—"must say good-bye, you know. Been jolly good pals, and all that sort of thing."

Ida made a movement as if to speak, then nodded jerkily towards the orchard that lay to the right of the lawn.

Harry started to make a dash across the lawn, sobered down to a walk, and disappeared among the trees. Ida sat looking after him. Then suddenly she rose and hurried indoors.

Harry found Phyllis in a hammock stretched between two trees, and, as she looked up, he greeted her without formality.

"It's come, Phil!" he cried. "No more beastly field-days and messing about over here. We're off to-morrow—France—the trenches—all the jolly lot, Phil!"

He made a grab at the girl's hand, wrung it violently, then dropped it confusedly.

"I am glad," Phyllis answered enthusiastically. "It'll be splendid for you, Harry! How I'd like to be with you—be a man who could do things! Fancy the chance you'll have to win V.C.s, and —"

"Steady, Phil," the lad interrupted, with a laugh; "it's only the lucky chaps who get that kind of thing."

"And aren't you lucky?" Phyllis demanded. "Fancy poor old me, having to stop over here with nothing more exciting to do than sell flags and help at sales of work."

"It's all that a girl can do," Harry assured her, with the conviction of youth. "They're not meant for running into danger; they're made to —"

"To what?" Phyllis asked, as Harry hesitated.

"Why"—Harry was looking into the girl's face, and there was something in his eyes which made her look away—"why, they are made to be loved."

Harry did not drop on his knees and plead his unworthiness—in fact, he did not even stammer much after the first few words, for he was intensely modern, and—he wore a uniform. Actually, he did not say much

at all—neither did Phyllis—but what each of them did say was eminently satisfactory. The hammock did not behave in the same way, for it refused, after much coaxing, to hold two very happy young people.

It was in the dusk that Harry made the farewell that overshadowed all the others, and perhaps for a moment the lad was just a little sorry that this was to be his last night in England for many a long day.

"You will always think of me," the girl whispered. "I've—I've heard so much about the French girls. They're—they're our Allies, but —"

"I'll hate 'em all," the lad assured her fervently. "I'll hate 'em all, and keep on loving you, Phil, until I'm back for good. Nothing can make any difference to me, only —" The lad's face grew grave, but it was without fear, and he stopped shortly.

"Only?" Phyllis queried, allowing surprise to get the better of her happiness.

[Continued overleaf.]



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT ANTHONY BEVIS LOCKHART, OF ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S SUBMARINES: MISS EVELYN M. J. A. BELL.

Miss Bell is the only daughter of Sir James and Lady Bell, of Hill Place, Farnham Royal, Bucks. Her father, who has held various important positions, including those of Town Clerk of Leicester, Clerk and Solicitor to the Derwent Valley Water Board, and Solicitor to the Birmingham Corporation, has been Town Clerk of London since 1902. He was knighted in 1911. Lieutenant Lockhart is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lockhart, of Elvaston Place.—[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]

ANOTHER GERMAN PLOT !



DAMMING (OR STRAFING?) THE GULF STREAM TO DELAY BRITAIN'S SUMMER WEATHER.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON. (COPYRIGHTED IN U.S.A. BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.)

"I was thinking I—might get damaged," Harry answered slowly. "Suppose I lost an arm, or something like that?"

The girl's arms tightened about the man's shoulders, for when love is at its zenith there is no future.

"Nothing would make any difference," she answered softly; "you would still be Harry."

It was "somewhere in France"—a battered trench over which the shells, both British and Hun, whirled and screamed and banged for the greater part of the day. It was just a place of floor-boards, of sand-bags, and of mud, for then the trenches that the British were to hold for months had not reached their drawing-room stage. There had been too much fighting for that. Less than a hundred yards away the Huns lay in their trenches, their "white cross" snipers always at work, always at work giving the "S.-B.s" of the Britishers something to do.

Here there was nothing fanciful about the war. There was no talk of V.C.s, of D.S.O.s. It was simply a question of out-fighting and out-living the part of the German machine-army that lay beyond the hundred yards of muddy ground that was broken only by the mounds that had once been men. British and German, both were there; and it was death that had made them equal.

It was here that Harry Knowlton lay in a muddy, wet hole that was known as a "dug-out." For every month that he had been in France he had aged a year. His boyish face had grown lean under its tan, so that it was no longer boyish, and his eyes had become those of the man who day by day looks into the face of death without flinching, but still knowing that it is death.

On the mud of the dug-out wall a portrait of Phyllis Frane had been fastened by the aid of a cartridge. It was the first time that Harry had used it in this manner, dreading the good-natured chaff of brother-officers; but now he had no cause to fear that. Sanders, the young-faced sub. who had been his particular pal, lay back of the trenches—a sniper's bullet through his brain, a little wooden cross the monument to his valour. So he was alone, save for Smith, his servant; and officers' servants do not count.

The shells were screaming overhead as Harry Knowlton munched bread-and-cheese, and read the last letter from Phyllis by the aid of a candle. He had read it more than once before. Not that there was much in it—talk of "flag days," of bazaars in aid of the wounded; but they were all part and parcel of the life of Phyllis.

"Another hour, Sir," Smith said, breaking the silence and looking up from cleaning his rifle. "In an hour we'll be at them devils, Sir."

Smith spoke with bitter fervour. His pal Rogers, servant to the Captain, had been wiped out a week back. Rogers and he had quarrelled frequently with regard to their respective masters, with the odds well against Smith on account of his master's one star. But now Rogers was dead, and his pal longed, without the aid of a rum ration, to be over the top and jabbing, jabbing, jabbing with the point of his bayonet, which had not been blunted in the process of opening sundry tins the patent openers of which had been pretty but had refused to work.

"It'll be tough work," Harry answered; but there was a glint in his eyes, too, as he thought of Sanders. There had been a girl waiting for Sanders in England, in a little village where the war was merely something that filled the papers, and it had been Harry's task to write to her.

For an hour the bombardment of the British guns continued, heavies and smalls, pounding away at the enemy trenches and cutting the barbed wire stretched in front of them. Now and again a quick-firer whirled, sweeping the enemy parapet; and now and again a stretcher was carried past the hole of the dug-out in which Harry sat, showing that the German guns were not idle.

Then the hour of waiting was over. In the fire-trench the men stood ready, bayonets fixed, hands gripping hard. Here and there a man whispered hoarsely, but most were silent, their faces tense in the light of the star-shells that seemed to spring every second from the enemy lines. At any second the whistle that was to send the men over the top might sound, from the line of trench the muddy, khaki-clad men would be let loose, and, for good or ill, the attack would have been launched against the enemy lines.

Then, like a cloth being dropped over a loud-ticking clock, the British guns became silent, and the puny shrilling of whistles took the place of the roar.

Men swore and shouted as they jostled to be first over the top; the trench emptied save for a few men who tumbled back into it as the German machine-guns began to play—hurriedly, as if in a mad spasm of effort to throw the Britishers back.

In the light of the star-shells, and in the face of rifle and machine-gun fire, the attack swept on. Men gasped and fell; some did not gasp at all. Others stumbled into shell-holes, and went scrambling out of them, cursing their luck.

Harry Knowlton had been one of the first over the top, but he did not go far. Something that he neither saw nor heard leapt out of the darkness and struck him across the eyes. He fell into a hole where a dozen dead men lay. . . .

"The Base, France.

"WOUNDED.

"2nd Lt. Knowlton, H. ———."

Mr. Frane read the bald statement out of his newspaper. It was at breakfast, and he had given voice before he could check himself.

"Harry—wounded!" The words broke from Phyllis's lips, and her cheeks went pale. She had come down to breakfast in high spirits, dressed for work during another special "flag day," the work at which she was most useful—and pretty.

"It may not be serious, dear." It was Ida who spoke, very evenly, with the steadiness of one keeping her feelings under control by an effort. "We—we should have heard if it were serious."

"Of course," Mr. Frane hastened to agree. "Just a bit of a scratch, my dears."

It was at that moment that a maid entered with a green service envelope on a salver and held it towards Phyllis.

"For you, Miss," she said.

Phyllis took the latter mechanically, and sat with it in her lap, looking down dully at the curiously sprawling, uneven writing on the envelope.

"Open it," Ida pleaded unevenly. "It may mean news."

With fingers that shook a little, Phyllis tore the envelope open and drew out a sheet of paper.

"From Harry!" she cried, with an hysterical laugh, glancing at the signature at the bottom of the page. "Poor old boy, he must be pretty bad to write such an awful hand."

"Let us hear all about it," Mr. Frane urged, in a tone of relief. "You can leave out the cooing parts, my dear."

There was a cry of horror, the thud of a body falling to the floor, and Phyllis lay on the floor in a dead faint.

It was half-an-hour later that Ida knelt beside the chair in which Phyllis sat huddled up, a great terror in her eyes. They were in the room that the two girls had for their very own, and on a little table close to them lay the letter from Harry. It was very short, obviously written with great difficulty, and its few words explained why.

"Hard luck, little girl," the man wrote. "I am told that I shall never see again. Of course, I dare not hold you to your promise. I shall be in England on the tenth, and I shall go straight to the orchard where you made me so happy. If you are not there I shall understand."

Ida, her face very pale, stretched out a hand and picked up the letter. "He will be here to-day," she whispered. "The letter must have been delayed. What are you going to do?"

"I can't go to him," Phyllis sobbed. "Ida—Ida, I can't. Think what my life would be."

"Think what his will be if you are not waiting for him in the orchard!" Ida's voice was very low, but there was a quiver of passion in it that few had heard there. "Phil, you can't have loved as women should love."

"What do you know about love?" Phyllis flashed out.

"I know that I should go to Harry," Ida answered softly, and there was a light in her eyes that lifted her out of the commonplace. Then suddenly her arms gripped about her sister, and she held her very close.

"You are not in my place," Phyllis sobbed. "It is so easy for you."

"I love Harry."

"You!" Phyllis gasped, her surprise overcoming her sorrow.

"Yes," Ida answered, and her voice was shaking. "If I could go to him to-day there would be no happier woman in the world. I could make him happy, too—if love makes for happiness. I could go to him to-day—"

Ida stopped abruptly, and her eyes were shining.

"Why not?" she panted. "Why should I not meet him and save his happiness? My voice is like yours; my name—why—why, it would not be difficult to arrange that with all the people who matter. Phil—Phil, think what it would mean to him, and—to me."

Phyllis stared at her sister with parted lips, scarcely as yet understanding; then she laughed hysterically.

"You dare not do it," she whispered.

Ida rose to her feet and stood looking away towards the sun-bathed orchard.

"Love dares all," she said softly.

The orchard was still bathed in the glow of the setting sun. The shadows were only just growing tender with the coming dusk. The hammock that was Phyllis's particular property still hung between the two apple-trees, and Harry Knowlton, his face thin and strained, a shade over his eyes, sat on the edge of it, his arms about Ida.

"I can't believe it yet, little girl," he said hoarsely. "I've hated myself for even thinking of coming to you."

Ida looked at the scarred young face, but there was no horror—only happiness—in her eyes.

"I can't believe it," Harry repeated, his voice still shaking. "I have come back blind, and—"

"Hush, dear," Ida interrupted softly. "Love is blind, too."

THE END.



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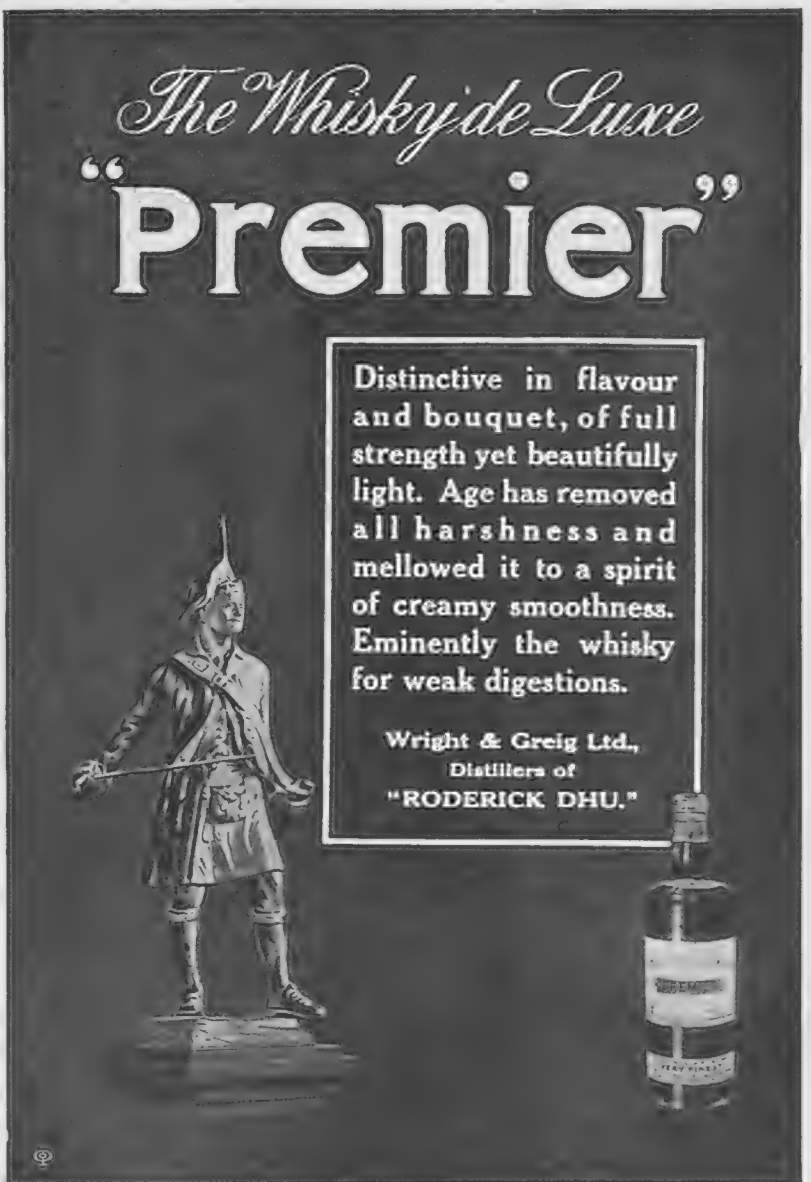
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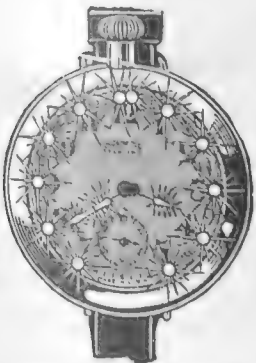


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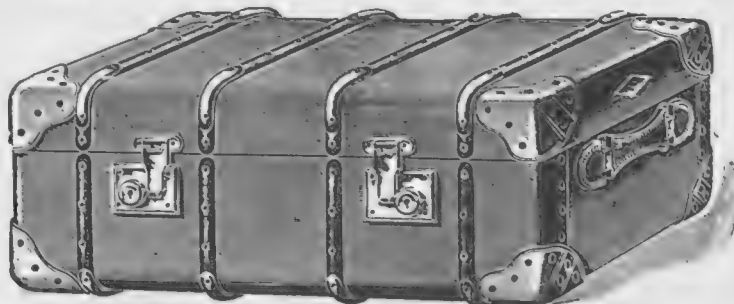


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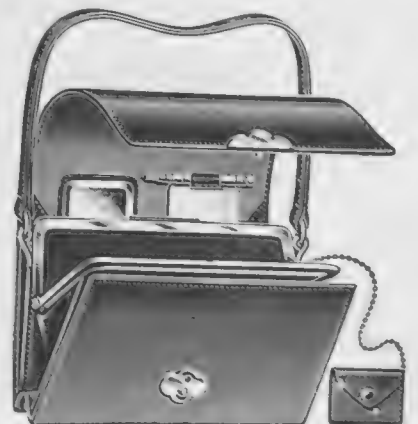
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WOMAN'S WAYS

Too Many Cooks and No Cuisine.

Clearly, civilisation made an error when it insisted on womenfolk doing the cooking, while men made war, love, fame, and wealth. It was an error in judgment chiefly, for feminine persons are not "born cooks" any more than they are born jewellers: in the latter trade they would show, at any rate, enthusiasm. Women, as a whole, are curiously indifferent as to what they eat, and hence their small success with pots and pans. There was an article by Ernestine Mills in the *Englishwoman* recently, which pointed the way, however, to better things. There we were shown that it is only a very small minority who keep servants at all; the rest of the feminine population collects, prepares, and serves food in addition to earning their living or bringing up a family. After the war—indeed, we perceive it now—a feminine population engrossed in manufactures or farming will not willingly do all the house drudgery as well as their own work. Mrs. Mills suggests communal cooking—one house in every street as the central kitchen—or the enterprise of private firms. The wonderful organisation of the munition canteens, with good dinners nicely served on white table-cloths (and the inevitable flowers), shows what can be done in the wholesale feeding of work-people. The steam-kitchen of Christiania—how practical are those little nations!—pays six per cent., and all classes can buy their meals there. For fourpence an artisan can get an admirable dinner, with a choice of several dishes. It is obvious we had better invite the Norwegians to come and show us how they perform this miracle, and at the same time suppress the superfluous, amateur cook.

Poetry in Piccadilly. It would appear from the enthusiastic gathering of the Poetry Society the other day in Piccadilly—where famous poets could be gathered in clusters, and there was a wonderful array of summer hats—that the reading and study of poetry is in a flourishing condition. Certainly it has a better chance, in these tragic days, than fiction. What is clear is that in all likelihood the combatants will supply the poetry of the Great War, the men who themselves have been through the unspeakable ordeal of the trenches and the mines. The gentlemen in velvet coats and padded arm-chairs who write patriotic verses urging other people on will not create the masterpiece of this war. Personally, those wistful lines of Thomas Hardy's, "Men who March Away," have touched me more than any other poem of the last two years. The President of Magdalen told us that probably no one living would read the great poem about this conflict; it will be written a hundred years hence. Meanwhile, Mr. H. B. Irving (whose son is flying in France) read some fine sonnets by a poet in the trenches, and Mr. Chesterton put in a potent word or two for Lord Byron, whose Shade must have been present, for the Poetry Society met in his house in Piccadilly.

Al Fresco. Let us hope that one of the results of our undue early rising will be that we shall take our pleasure, in summer time, in the open air. Why, at half-past six (old style) should we not, forsooth, dine in the garden, or on a terrace instead of in a stuffy room? We shall find ourselves more or less "living in our hats" in these days, and little parties are easily made up if no formalities are to be observed. Our prolonged intercourse with France might even introduce the open-air café. And why not, since we have assimilated that essentially Parisian product, the *revue*? Why should not a certain famous pastry-cook set out his little tea-tables in St. James's Street, instead of trying to accommodate, within doors, twice as many people as can comfortably take their tea? A well-run pavilion in the Green Park, where you could have meals out of doors on fine days, would be a great addition to the attractions of London. The folks in Whitehall alone would keep it going.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES

APPARENTLY Mr. Vachell has hit the mark this time. "Fishpingle," at the Haymarket, looks like a big success, and well deserves it because of its fresh, bright, relevant humours and absence of manufactured, thrown-in fun. My only complaint is that the author did not let well alone, but, towards the close, introduced a rather heavy theatrical effect. And probably, after all, the original idea of the piece came from this business of a dramatic serious disclosure of the fact that the faithful old family butler was in reality the illegitimate elder brother of his master, Sir Geoffrey Pomfret. How very awkward must have been the situation of the two men after this disclosure. Apart from this harmless element of the theatre, the comedy is quite charming. It has a most gracious note of urbanity—though dealing with the truly

rural. Obviously, the author has a love of country life, and he manages to get the flavour of the village and the Manor House across the footlights. By this time you are aware that Fishpingle—Benoni Fishpingle—was a butler, the prince of butlers, a butler who knew his own job and that of everyone else, and quietly ruled the choleric Baronet who was father of the village—and god-father of fourteen of the villagers. Also you are aware that the butler espoused the cause of two sets of young lovers whom Sir Geoffrey tried to sever, and that consequently there was a big row between the master and man, in the course of which the butler made the tremendous disclosure to which I have referred, thereby routing his master and causing the course of true love to run smoothly—and eugenically; for we had a great deal of pleasant fun about eugenics in the play. And a good deal of love, too, without tiresome sweetness. Also there was much delightful acting. Miss Marion Terry has returned to the stage, and, as the baronet's charming wife, played exquisitely. Mr. Henry Ainley represented Fishpingle, and gave us another new Ainley by a finely thought-out, delicately finished performance with quiet humour and some beautiful little passages of pathos. Mr. Allan Aynesworth was the choleric, rather stupid Baronet, and presented him with real skill and sense of character. Capital work, too, by Miss Maud E. Bell, as a charming English country girl, and by Mr. Randle Ayrton, as a quaint land agent.

"Elegant Edward," which precedes "Fishpingle," is a really clever and amusing farce, by Miss Jennings and Lieutenant Boulton, which well deserves to be seen. In it Mr. Ben Webster gives a clever performance as the "Swell Mobman" referred to by the title.

The fourth production of Mr. Martin Harvey's Shakespeare season at His Majesty's is "Henry V.," and the play was given with the vigour and energy for which it calls. Mr. Harvey threw himself with enthusiasm into the part of the King, and delivered the famous war-speeches with all the power and fervour at his command, and in his lighter moments was a very frolicsome and genial monarch, and showed throughout that he had evidently acted upon his own idea of the part. There was Miss Miriam Lewes reciting the Chorus splendidly in each interval; and there was much dignity in Mr. Franklin Dyall's Duke of Exeter, and a sense of humour in Mr. Sydney Valentine's Pistol. Mr. J. Cooke

Beresford and Mr. Alfred Ibberson supported him well as Nym and Bardolph. The French Queen and her daughter were well represented by Miss Maud Rivers and Miss N. de Silva. The pageantry was as splendid as could be, and the heraldic costumes made the bravest of brave shows. Mr. Harvey had adopted a method of simple scene-changing which was effective and struck a happy mean between elaborate scenery and mere curtains: what was best of all, it did away with long and tedious waits, and enabled the play to be taken almost without a pause; which was, of course, as it should be. The season has been such a success that there will be two more weeks of it, occupied by "Henry V." and "Hamlet."



WORKING FOR THE RED CROSS: LADY VICTOR PAGET.

Lady Victor Paget, who is so pleasantly remembered by playgoers as the beautiful and clever Miss Olive May, is the wife of the brother of the Marquess of Anglesey. Lord Victor Paget is in Egypt, where he holds a Staff Appointment. He is a Captain in the Royal Horse Guards (Blues). During his absence on service, Lady Victor is devoting much of her time to Red Cross work, and has been nursing at the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Beckett's private hospital. Mrs. Rupert Beckett is the daughter of the late Major Lord Berkeley Paget, and was married to Mr. Rupert Beckett, brother of Lord Grimthorpe, in 1896.—[Photograph by C.N.]

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When I see daily so many women with perfect features who would be radiantly beautiful were it not for hideous growths of ugly hair upon lips and chin I always wish I could tell them how easily they could recover their natural heritage of delicate feminine charm and attractiveness.

I shall, therefore, be only too happy to send literature in regard to the preparation and use of the marvellous liquid explained at the conference which it was my privilege to attend. If any woman reader of the "Sketch" cares to send me her name and address, plainly written, together with a penny stamp for return postage, I shall be pleased to send, in plain sealed envelope, full particulars without charge of any kind, so women readers can use the new process in the strict privacy of their own boudoirs. Have correspondence brief as possible, and do not write to thank me after hair is destroyed, as my time is greatly limited. I can agree to answer but one person in each family, and correspondence will be considered strictly confidential.

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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Why Fiddle Over Fastenings?

Perfect London weather is what we have been enjoying, and London is looking lovely. When we have time to think about it, we recognise what a beautiful capital we have. The people in it look quite different from what they did in that ante-war time which seems like a fairy-story now. The women are dressed charmingly, it is true, but not expensively; and black and very dark blue—almost indistinguishable from the sable hue—are the favourite wear, run hard by nigger-brown and smoke-grey. Then women simply cannot take so long over the pleasant task of dressing as they did, and will again, so those very smart and most comfortable and convenient gowns invented by Maurice, South Molton Street—which go on with no trouble, have no buttons and button-holes, hooks and eyes, or tapes or safety-pins, or horrid little patent fasteners that sound like putting tacks into one's person—save much irritation, and look just as well as gowns we have to fiddle over fastening for many minutes.

Queen Mary's Favourite Gems.

The two Queens were immensely tickled with Princess Mary's absorption in "Peg o' My Heart" at the matinée last week. Whether her grandmother or her mother looked at her rapt face and smiled the oftener I cannot say, but both enjoyed her enjoyment. I have heard that sapphires are Queen Mary's favourite gems; she wore some beauties set round with diamonds at the matinée in question, and very well they looked with her dove-grey dress and pretty pink toque.

Pearls and diamonds are Queen Alexandra's favourite jewel combination, and she likes diamonds in long chains. This seems to me a sensible plan, for the wearer can enjoy the play and flash of the gems as well as those who see them worn. I hear that diamond "Mizpah" rings are the rage now for engagements. J. W. Benson re-introduced them, with great success, at the beginning of war, and they are in great variety in gold and enamel, in diamonds, and other jewels, at 62, Ludgate Hill. The sentiment is peculiarly appropriate in war time.

A Hat of Many Colours.

The latest is a hat woven in fine straw of many colours—the brim and crown in quarter-inch strips, each of a different colour, so arranged as to make a harmonious whole. Even the band and bow are straw. It is not a chapeau for war-time economy, for it costs Treasury notes to a considerable amount. The work is Panama plaiting, and that takes long, and is expensive. Like ospreys and Paradise plumes, the initial cost is considerable; but then the hat becomes a precious possession, and may become an heirloom. I know ospreys now that do duty for sisters, cousins, and

things, despite the posters. Buying them just now is not done, except as bargains.

Wife of the Hero of Kut.

of deep-blue eyes with a pathetic look in them which is easily understood at the present time. She does not look at all like the mother of a girl of sixteen. She was dressed all in creamy white, and wore a kind of adapted Scotch bonnet in white cloth and black velvet. She is French by birth; her father, Count Louis Cahen D'Anvers, has a castle on the Seine et Marne, which was, I hear, looted by the Huns when they got so far. We all hope that the gallant General will be restored ere long to his wife and daughter.

Pluck Paradise Birds.

American women over here, our smartest and our best, are being teased a good deal about President Wilson and his peace speeches. One of them said, the other day, she wished he was in Paradise with his wretched peace talk. Another replied that his occupation, like Othello's, would be gone there. "Well," said a third, "he might pluck Paradise birds and send their feathers to his wife—I guess that would keep him out of prosing about peace. Isn't he at peace? Don't he mean to have peace at any price? And who wants to know what he thinks about war? He says it doesn't concern him. Anyway, can't he peace-make at home, and let other countries fight for right? They don't ask his help." I will leave it there; there was more, but I will not compel my trusty Onoto to record it—it was comprehensive and vitriolic Americanese!

In Honour of Our Workers and Fighters.

Who wants Whitsun holidays at the cost of one of our glorious men's lives, let alone at the risk of costing thousands? Not our gallant munitioners! And does anyone, outside that splendid, giant circle of workers, realise what the work is—the strain, the monotony, the heat, the noise? If they have no holiday, why should we not all dedicate Whitsuntide to work for the country in honour of our workers and fighters?

George Fifthian.

Early Victorian fashions brought up to George Fifthian period are all the go. I have to coin a word, because Georgian might be read backwards. Streamers from the latest caps for bridesmaids are quite in vogue, and they are of such pretty ribbon; while little fascinating curls, also now in favour, which were in sentimental Victorian days dubbed "Kiss-me-quicks," are in this more practical time called hat-adapters, or, when worn indoors, ringlets. Few of these are rooted to the spot, which can be frequently changed. The curls of to-day come from the Universal Hair Company, 1, Berners Street, Oxford Street. They are no less becoming than the Victorian, and far more adaptable.



AN EARLY SUMMER TOILETTE.

To go with this skirt of grey-and-white striped voile there is a quaint little coat of rose-pink taffeta with loops of black ribbon velvet at the neck. The undersleeves are of white chiffon.

aunts—sometimes make short excursions outside family circles. That is to say, they did do such duty before an osprey or a Paradise plume was subject for an apology, albeit one offered with tongue in cheek, for no one is really ashamed of pretty and expensive



THE IMPORTANCE OF THE EVENING CLOAK.

This cloak is made of grey-and-gold changeable taffeta, and is placed with a frill on a shoulder-piece and high collar of dull gold lace veiled with grey tulle. The sides of the cloak are looped up with bunches of shaded pink chiffon roses.

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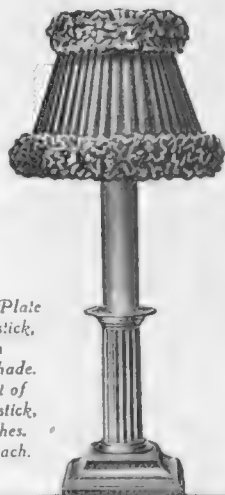
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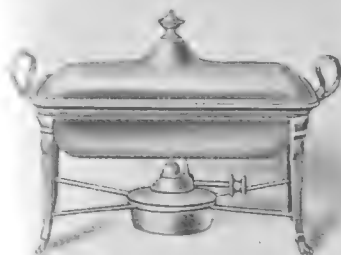
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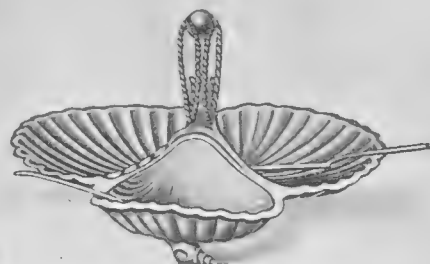
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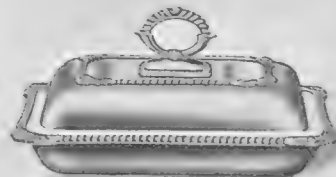


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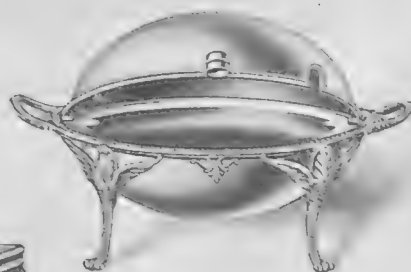
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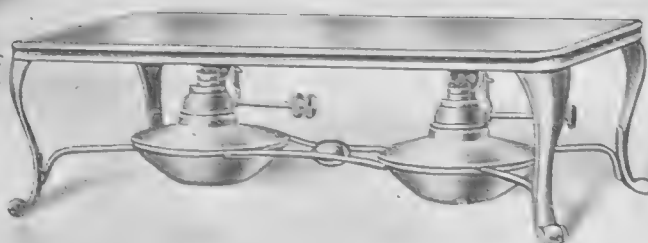
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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE SUPPLY OF PETROL: CARPING CRITICS: THE R.A.C. ROLL OF HONOUR.

British-Made Petrol.

A distinct surprise for the motoring community is the announcement that a large supply of home-produced spirit is now on the market—indeed, it is stated that no less than 900,000 gallons are available. Behind it is a syndicate of influential men who have been at work for three years past in devising means and methods for the production of a commercial petrol, and the tests are said to have been highly satisfactory, and the spirit now on the market is declared to require no alteration of any kind to existing carburettors. As yet it is not stated whether the spirit is produced from Scottish shale or from solar oil by the agency of the "cracking" processes which obtained some amount of prominence in the public eye. Several schemes, it may be remembered, were at work not long before the war broke out, and if this is one of them it is clear that the people behind it have been proceeding quietly with their work during these troublous times, and have even arrived at the stage of manufacturing in quantities. It is something to know that there is a big and unexpected source of supply available when badly wanted; but, in the nature of things, the most important factor is the suitability or otherwise of the fuel itself. Another interesting point will be the price at which the new fuel will be offered. Also there is the possibility of the Government commandeering the lot. In any case, however, if the spirit is satisfactory in itself, there will be more motor-fuel in the country than had been expected.

Irresponsible Criticism.

The amount of feckless twaddle that is written nowadays on the subject of motoring is enough to bring tears to the eyes of any sane and self-respecting journalist. The non-motoring section of the public—a very much smaller body than was the case three years ago—is, first of all, encouraged in two cardinal errors: namely, that motoring is a luxury instead of a necessity, and that all motorists are idle plutocrats. The plain English of the matter is that, if the use of private cars were suppressed, a state of paralysis would be engendered such as non-motoring town-dwellers appear to have no means of conceiving, for the motor-car as a means of locomotion is an absolute necessity, and not only goes where railways cannot take us, but is even cheaper in the long run than the train itself. For the vast majority of cars now in use are of the cheaper varieties, and expeditiousness and comprehensiveness of movement are the factors to be considered, not idle pleasure-seeking. There are thousands of car-owners who, if deprived of their cars in war-time, would be utterly unable to carry on their philanthropic work or their personal affairs in a reasonable way. Only this week, for example,

I have been talking to the driver of a well-known public personage's car, and the bulk of the journeys it has made have been to munition works, so far as the husband was concerned, and to canteens as regards his wife. If the car were also used to make a private call or two, where, one may ask, is the crime?

No Precedent.

But where the would-be suppressors of all motoring are so utterly in the wrong is in supposing that there is any need for drastic measures being adopted. The question of the petrol supply is in the hands of a special committee of the Board of Trade, and if any necessity should arise for the curtailing of private supplies, it will, of course, be carried into effect at once. But what do the would-be suppressors know about it? There is absolutely no precedent, moreover, for anything in the nature of wholesale or even partial suppression, save in Germany; but is our Navy so ineffective that we are reduced in England to the condition of the Huns? In France itself there has been no interference with private motoring. The Government merely has the first call on the petrol supplies, and the public takes the rest; but even the motor taxes have not yet been increased, either as a means of revenue or of indirect suppression. And as for petrol shortage, car-owners themselves are not likely to indulge in superfluous driving with doubled or trebled taxes and petrol at 2s. 10d. per gallon. If there is any wastage going on it is in the Services; and, as most of the petrol entering this country is for Army use, it is in this quarter that wastage, if there is any, should be rigorously checked.

The R.A.C. Year-Book.

The "Royal Automobile Club Year-Book" for 1916 is now ready, and the merest glance at its contents shows that it is indispensable as ever to the owner of a car. It is issued gratis, of course, to the members of the club, but can be purchased by non-members. There is a wealth of practical information on legal and technical matters within its pages, while

its list of carefully appointed hotels and repairers throughout the United Kingdom is invaluable as ever. As regards the work of the past year, it is interesting to find that the membership on Dec. 31 last stood at 10,314, an advance of 2787 on 1914, but the present figures are considerably larger. No fewer than 170 of the club staff had

joined the colours under the voluntary system; while the roll of honour shows that up to the end of 1915 no fewer than 119 members had lost their lives at the front. Among non-Service clubs this is probably a record, albeit a melancholy one.



ASSISTING AEROPLANES TO LAND AT NIGHT: A SEARCHLIGHT SIGNALLING.

Landing at night in an aeroplane is difficult and dangerous. Our photograph shows a French method of signalling to airmen where to land, by means of searchlights mounted on wheels. The boundaries of the aerodrome are also marked by fixed lights.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]



THE FRENCH ARMY'S WONDERFUL MOTOR TRANSPORT SERVICE: A ROADSIDE HALT NEAR A CALVARY.

The motor service of the French Army has proved invaluable for transport purposes, both at Verdun and elsewhere. It will be noted that the vehicles are following the Continental rule of the road—keeping to the right.—[Photograph by Topical.]

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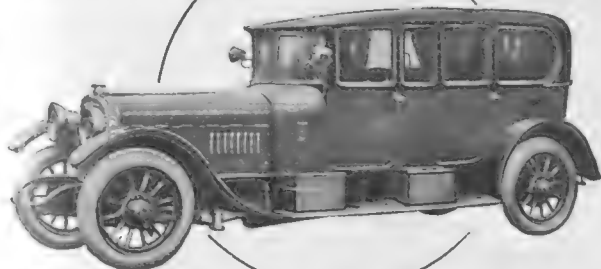
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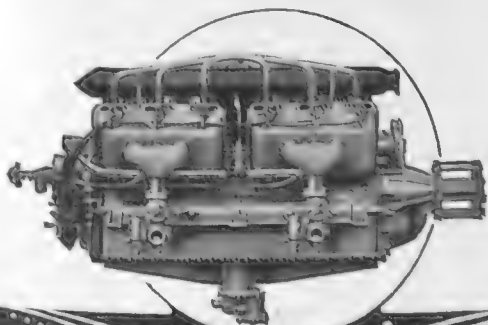
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

(Continued.)

"BRIC-À-BRAC," at the Palace, has already reached the honour of a second edition, in which are involved a considerable number of new items, not necessarily an improvement upon the old, but as a concession to the people in the habit of paying frequent visits to the Palace. The most noteworthy novelty is a neatly written playlet in which Mr. Nelson Keys gave a clever, humorous performance as a humble piano-tuner who, thanks to a misunderstanding, gets the chance of kissing a pretty lady. He is also funny in another novelty called "Tiger's Grub," a fairly good parody on the piece at the Garrick, where he burlesques Miss Madge Titheradge. For the last episode, there is a new Russian setting, designed by Mr. Weigall, quite bright and picturesque, with, of course, a good deal of Russian typical dancing, in which Miss Teddie Gerard and Miss Gertie Millar took an energetic share, to the great pleasure of the audience. Of course, there has been a general revision of the rather brief dialogue and the words of the topical songs; but the political hits are not particularly brilliant, and one concerning Mr. Birrell is lamentably ungenerous. Altogether, the new version of "Bric-à-Brac," if not exactly an improvement, still leaves it a very lively entertainment, the greater part of which caused

heartly applause, and frequent demands for an encore. The best and most successful episode is "Brighton Front—From the Back," in which Mr. Nelson Keys, Mr. George Tully, Miss Marion Peake, and Miss Teddie Gerard are extremely amusing.

The experienced playgoer would have guessed quickly that "Daddy Long-Legs," at the Duke of York's, came from the States.

There is a curious amateurishness in the comic scenes, and a self-conscious, artificial simplicity in the sentimental passages which suggest its origin; and it has more sugar in it than is usually employed over here. The sentimentalist may very well enjoy it, though other types may get cloyed by its sweetness. The piece begins with almost childish humours about the little orphans, very noisy humours quite inconsistent with the allegations that the "John Grier Home" was a gloomy abode of tyranny. We soon were brought face to face with the nameless orphan who later on acquires, at record speed, all the airs and graces of American young-ladyhood, and even a habit of writing successful novels. With her is the love-story between her middle-aged guardian and a girl young enough to be his daughter, a theme that has never appealed to me, and was handled in this play by no



WHO'S WHO? "YOU CAN'T TELL T'OTHER FROM WHICH."

There was once a popular singer who chanted comically that "When I died they buried Brother Bill!" Something of the same kind might be said of the extraordinary quartet in "Samples," at the Vaudeville Theatre. In addition to the Terry Twins (C. Terry or F. Terry, or F. Terry or C. Terry), there are now appearing the Sisters Bryan (Phyllis Bryan or Greetlie Bryan, or Greetlie Bryan or Phyllis Bryan). It is said that after a run of twenty-two weeks even their own dressing-room companions do not know the difference between the Terry Twins; neither can their respective dressing-room companions tell the difference between Phyllis and Greetlie Bryan. This is the first photograph taken of this amazing quartet.

Photograph by Wrather and Buys.

means attractively. However, I do not suppose Miss Jean Webster, the author, expects anyone to believe in her story or be influenced by it. Miss Renée Kelly presented the heroine very cleverly, and

(Continued overleaf.)



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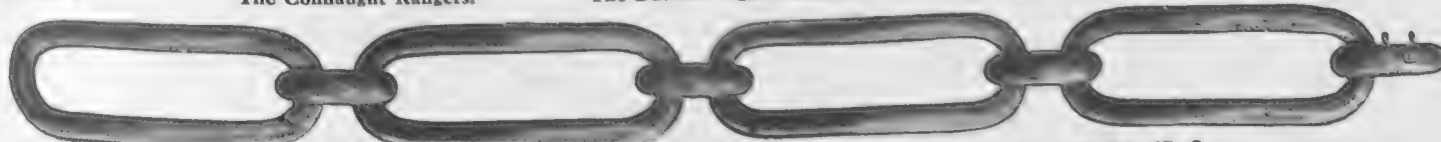
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her pathetic passages are charmingly handled; but she still exhibits an air of calculation in the lighter scenes. I never discovered what relation Miss Pritchard was to anybody in the piece, but that did not matter much, seeing that Miss Fay Davis played the part charmingly. And why the hero of the play did not seek to make a suitable match with her instead of an unsuitable union with Judy was perplexing. He was represented very well by Mr. Charles Walrond, a player, new, I fancy, to the London stage, who accomplished a difficult task very skilfully, and in a pleasant fashion. The chief laughter came from clever acting by Miss Kate Jepson, as a queer old countrywoman.

Nobody is more prompt than Sir George Alexander in recognising a failure. So poor Pen died very quickly, and now, in place of that rather strange young lady, we have the even stranger "Bella Donna," revived last week at the St. James's. Mr. Fagan's adaptation of the popular novel by Mr. Hichens is a workmanlike affair, which has the merit of providing Mrs. "Pat" with a part for which she was suited superbly. It is easy to understand that poor Nigel stood no chance against her, but got swept off his feet by her charm; and certainly the success of the piece in 1911 was due to the presence in the cast of one of our players who can always draw money to the theatre. A coincidence that successive evenings should see the return to the theatre of two such artists as Miss Marion Terry and Mrs. Patrick Campbell—the one famous for her exquisite pictures of good womanhood; the other renowned as the fascinating naughty lady



TO APPEAR IN REVUE AT DRURY LANE: MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD (THE HON. MRS. LYNDBURST BRUCE).

All who recall the charm of Miss Camille Clifford will give her a cordial welcome on her reappearance on the stage, in the revue at Drury Lane on Saturday. Miss Clifford married the eldest son of Lord Aberdare, the Hon. Lyndhurst Bruce, who was killed in the war.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

of our theatres. Her visit to America has in no way affected the quality of Mrs. Campbell's work, and she was able once more to realise perfectly that sensual materialist who in her mature days suddenly became a mad victim to the passion which, before then, had merely meant fun for her, and fate for the man. The play had originally the advantage of not being modern in spirit, although quite up to date in technique. Consequently, it has not aged at all, and still seems a remarkably good specimen of the polite sensational melodrama, with a somewhat lurid story carried out dexterously and logically. Sir George takes his old part as the Jewish physician, and is again content to avoid any serious attempt to give Jewish character to his work, but plays it skilfully and effectively with his customary ease. There is a new Nigel, Mr. Leon Quartermaine, and he succeeds by clever work in making quite a man of the foolish creature, with whose folly all men can sympathise. Two other newcomers are Miss Norma Whalley, who presents Mrs. Marchmont charmingly, and Mr. Dawson Milward, impressive, if hardly Oriental, as the chief villain of the play.

The Hon. Mrs. George Lambton was successful in selling Mr. Lynwood Palmer's blank canvas to Mr. R. C. Dawson, the well-known trainer, who will have the portrait of Fifinella, the Derby winner, painted on it. The Newmarket Depot for Hospital Supplies will benefit by it to the substantial extent of 440 guineas. Mrs. Lambton's portrait appears in our Supplement this week.

BATAVIA PLANTATION INVESTMENTS, Ltd.

CONTINUED PROSPERITY.

THE ordinary general meeting of the Batavia Plantation Investments, Ltd., was held at the offices of the Company, 23, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, S.W., Mr. G. St. Lawrence Mowbray (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Chairman said the revenue of the past year showed an increase of some £3000, and enabled them to maintain their dividend, tax free, at the customary rate of 15 per cent. per annum for the fourth year in succession, and to add £4800 to the amount carried forward.

Their total crops for the past year were over 620,000 lb., or an increase of 60,000 lb. on the previous twelve months. On the Kweeklust property in Java the all-in costs had come down to a fraction under 9½d. per lb. On their other property in Java, the Weltevreden, the total costs had been just over 9½d. per lb.; while on the Medansche property in Sumatra the costs had been just over 11½d. per lb. The Dutch Indies management had pursued their policy of financing extensions out of revenue, and had provided substantially against any possible future depreciation in their properties. He might point out that there were plantations that had existed for some twenty-five or thirty years, and that of no single one of them could it be said that it had attained the zenith of its production. Whereas a few years ago it was thought that a yield of 300 to 400 lb. per acre per annum was about the utmost that could reasonably be looked for, they now found that it was by no means uncommon for areas of ten years or fifteen years old rubber to be producing even up to 800 lb. per acre.

The total planted area of the three estates was 2275 acres, of which 2008 acres would be tapping in the course of the year. A very conservative estimate of the year's output on the part of their visiting agents was 618,000 lb., and, judging from the figures for the first three months, they might, perhaps, reckon on a total crop of 630,000 lb. That figure, moreover, should not be regarded as a maximum output for their properties.

With regard to their other investments, satisfactory results were being obtained, and they had acquired a controlling interest in two further properties. One was an estate in Southern India of 1000 acres of Hevea rubber, and with regard to this he thought they might look forward to reasonable prospects in the future. The other was in the East Malay Coconut Company, Ltd. The oldest coconut plantations there were four or five years old, and, therefore, they would not expect much from them for three or four years to come.

The report was adopted unanimously.

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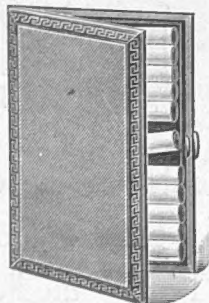


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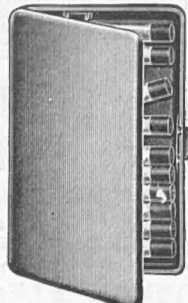
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